

The American Girl

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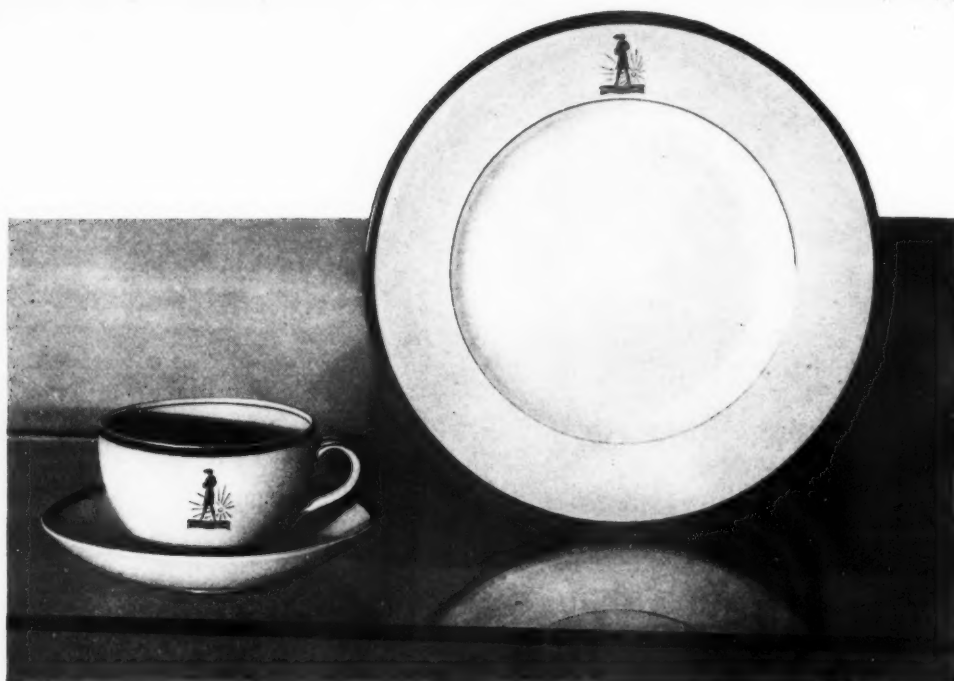
For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

MARCH

1933



Girl Scout Birthday and International Number



Now Your Girl Scout Troop Can Have Its Own China Set



AMERICAN GIRL TEA SET AIDS SCOUTS TO PASS SECOND CLASS TABLE-SETTING TEST

HERE is Troop #67 Port Washington, Long Island, New York using the tea set. Read what Scribe Pauline Perley writes: "We have used the set four times already. Our Lieutenant demonstrated how to set a table with it and then for two meetings the girls have used it to pass the Second Class test. We find it such fun to have our own dishes and the table-setting test seems easier. Our Captain was so pleased with the china that she took it to the training class and the Leaders Association meeting to show the other leaders what their troops can earn".

HOW MANY USES . . . teas, parties, unexpected guests . . . there are for one of these lovely tea sets. Your troop should have one for its social functions.

The next time you have a troop party think how nice it would be to serve every one on this distinctive china. The background is a lovely cream color, decorated with a green border and the familiar AMERICAN GIRL colophon (shown on the plate and cup in the picture).

Ask your captain to write to Betty Brooks, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Complete information as to how to secure this twenty-four piece set will be forwarded immediately.

An International Message

MARCH blows us into another Girl Scout International Month and again we rejoice in the continuous growth of Girl Scouting and the promise it implies of universal understanding and good will. At the seventh World Conference of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts held last summer in Bueze, Poland, every country reported an increase in membership and leaders and a keener interest on the part of the governments and the general public in the program. Twenty-eight countries now join hands in the game of Girl Scouting!

Those who stayed at the international camp in Ireland last summer and those who visited the World Chalet in Adelboden, Switzerland, have had experiences they will never forget. Coming into contact with other people's ideas and customs is an education in itself. But all of us cannot travel. Luckily, the girl who always has longed to do so and who has had to satisfy that longing in map gazing and reading, has a far happier time today. Even if she cannot travel, the world—through radio and screen—is at her door. If she is a Girl Scout, she has additional opportunities. She can use the international post box to make friends in other countries. Over a thousand letters are exchanged this way each year! As she grows older, she may spend a summer taking training at Camp Edith Macy, where she will encounter girls from many different lands, who pool their ideas and profit mutually.

Special chances for contacts with other countries come, in the Girl Scout program, through the arts—through folk-lore, music and dances, through crafts and cookery. When a girl practices a song, or copies a tapes-

try, it is added pleasure if she reads up on the history and background of the race that produced it. The "why" of it is often a key to the "how". Some of our communities have Girl Scout troops composed partly or wholly of girls of foreign parentage. They attend our schools and speak our language, they are American in spirit and ideals, but they have something added to give—something unique from the land of their ancestry. Whether it be a viewpoint, a song, or a highly seasoned dish, it should challenge our attention. There may be a message there for us.

There is really no excuse for a narrow outlook at any time. Even though we cannot afford to travel, the realm of adventure lies in the mind. The only passports needed are curiosity and tolerance—the de-

sire to seek out information and the understanding which sheds light on it. I have met people summering in Europe, who had a narrower outlook than women who lead hermit-like lives in a forest observatory or in a lighthouse.

Each thing we learn about a country and its people makes us more interested and sympathetic, less critical and suspicious of "foreigners". A wealth of new ideas, new angles, is open to us. We can "travel" the world over in our minds. We cannot hope to solve political ills quickly, but, as Hendrik Van Loon says, if we read, look, listen and learn, we can promote understanding between nations.

March is Girl Scout International Month. In March comes the Girl Scout twenty-first birthday. We are on the right track and we have come of age. Let us wake up each morning with a fresh fund of curiosity and consciously develop each day abundant tolerance.

JOSEPHINE SCHAIN



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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor
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When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

ABOUT two hundred and fifty miles east from the nearest point in the mainland of South America lies a group of islands in the South Atlantic Ocean which form the most southerly colony of the British Empire. Although a British explorer discovered them in 1592 the islands had not been actually colonized by England and in 1820 the Republic of Buenos Aires claimed the group, subsequently entering into a dispute with the United States concerning the rights of the products of these islands. On the representations of Great Britain, the Buenos Aires withdrew and the British flag was once more hoisted at Port Louis in 1833. Since that time the Falkland Islands have been a regular British Colony and from time to time have issued distinguished stamps.

It is to commemorate one hundred years of British rule that a series of twelve very attractive pictorials has been issued. The stamps are all large bi-colored labels, the four high values being upright while the remaining eight stamps are in horizontal format. We show you one of the values and regret that space will not permit us to illustrate the entire series. The design for each picture is different and where, in the following description the color black is listed, it should be remembered that in every case the color black applies to the central design, the frame alone being of the first color. Each value bears the centennial dates "1833-1933".

Because sheep raising is the principal industry of the islands the "Romney Marsh Ram" has very appropriately been used for illustrating the one-half penny green and black. An iceberg is the subject of the one penny red and black while upon the one and one-half pence blue and black we see a whale fisherman. On the two pence dark brown and black we see Port Louis, formerly the seat of Government. The islands exceed more than one hundred in number and, because most of the maps obtainable fail to show us any detail in this island group, the three pence violet and black will be of considerable help to collectors who would like to know the division of the colony.



"South Georgia" which is an uninhabited island, but a dependency of the group is shown on the four pence orange red and black. The six pence gray blue and black shows us another industry by picturing a whale leaping out of the water. The one shilling olive green and black has been left to show us Government House at Stanley, and the "Battle Memorial" erected to the memory of those who fell during the World War is shown on the two shilling, six pence purple and black.

Many of you have seen pictures of the King Penguin whose domain is in these and other islands of the South Atlantic. On the five shilling yellow and black stamp we see one of these ungraceful birds.

A somewhat interesting adhesive label is the one penny Health stamp of New Zealand. This shows us the Goddess Hygeia, who, in Greek mythology, holds a cup in her hand from which her snake drinks. In England it is said that the position of the cup far above the goddess' head lends the impression that a toast is being offered and much criticism concerning the stamp is heard in New Zealand. It is carmine rose in color.

Two new air mail stamps of the Sudan show us a statue of General Gordon with a large air liner flying across the desert. The two values are 3 millimes brown and green and 2½ piastre blue and violet. Both are on paper watermarked Multiple S. G.

Another new set of charity stamps has been issued by Austria in connection with the International Ski Meeting which was held at Innsbruck early in February. The series of four stamps has been beautifully engraved and will appeal greatly to the sports lover. The outer frame design is the same for each stamp but the central design shows us a different picture of skiers in action in the Tyrol Mountains. This picture is enclosed by a fine white border which makes a frame within the stamp. The values are 12 groschen dull green, 24 groschen purple, 30 groschen red and 50 groschen Prussian blue. The stamps were sold at double face value and fifty thousand of each denomination were printed, an interesting test.





UNFORTUNATELY we haven't so many letters from foreign readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL as we should like to have. Those we have, however, are so interesting that we are prepared to forgive the remissness of the others. We have a great many letters from places which, although they are a long way off, are not foreign countries—from Hawaii, for instance, and the Canal Zone. We thought you might be as much interested to know that American girls in those far off places like the magazine as to hear from those girl readers who actually live under other flags.

FROM Toronto comes a letter from Margaret Holmboe, a faithful reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Margaret writes, "For nearly six years I have taken your magazine and I think it is *keen*! I am a Girl Scout living in Canada and am having a good time in Girl Guiding. THE AMERICAN GIRL keeps me in touch with Scouting and brings news of Girl Scout activities going on in my country. Not nearly enough praise is given to *Along the Editor's Trail*. That, to my mind, is ever so attractive. *I Am a Girl Who*—does not appear nearly so often as I should like to see it. It's one of the nicest articles in the magazine. I cast another vote in favor of the Scatter illustrations. I think they're the cutest illustrations illustrating the cleverest story in the magazine. The Jo Ann stories are also good, I think." Margaret says she is especially looking forward to the March number because she thinks the International issues are always attractive.

CONSTANCE GARBER of Darien, the Canal Zone says, "I have been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost two years and I've enjoyed it ever so much. Of the short stories, I like the ones about Jo Ann and Scatter best. Of the serials I thought *Face West* and *Mystery at Shady-lawn* were best."

HERE'S to it. THE AMERICAN GIRL is top-hole and I've enjoyed every issue of the paper during the four years I've taken it," is the enthusiastic salute of Mary Jarvis of Sheffield, England. "I love Hazel Rawson Cades's articles and *I Am a Girl Who*—Lenora Mattingly Weber's tales are great, and Jo Ann is marvelous—even father always reads her stories. I think the covers by Edward Poucher are ripping and Chenkoff's illustrations wonderful."

FROM Stuttgart, Germany comes a letter from an American girl abroad. Florence Poch, whose home is in Milwaukee, writes, "I just wish to write to you and tell you how I appreciate THE AMERICAN GIRL,

Well, of All Things!

especially since I've been here in Europe. When my parents brought my brother and me to Germany to learn the German language, of course I had to leave the Girl Scouts and I lost contact. That was where THE AMERICAN GIRL helped me. I look forward to each new magazine with eagerness because there is where I read about what the Girl Scouts are doing. I just love reading all the stories, because they are about the only English that I have read since I came. I find the magazine just dandy from the front cover to its very last page."

JOAN GREAVES of Chesterfield, England writes, "I am an English girl and this is the second year I have taken your delightful magazine. I enjoy the *Well, of All Things!* page very much and am interested to hear what other girls think of the stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL. I am always interested in the Girl Scout pages and I am always pleased to read the charming short stories and the interesting articles. THE AMERICAN GIRL is far better than any English magazine. I am looking forward to the International number." Another English girl, Millie Joyce of Hereford, says she enjoys the magazine and the *Well, of All Things!* page very much. "I do love reading about American girls. I think they are rather wonderful," Millie writes.

DOROTHY KILPATRICK of Foremost, Alberta, Canada tells us that she likes the serials especially, too. Her favorites have been *Tad of the Heart Seven*, *Face West*, *Polly What's-Her-Name* and *The House with the Cross-Eyed Windows*. "Your International numbers are the ones I most enjoy," Dorothy writes in a most entertaining letter. "I like reading about girls in other countries. My sisters and I read you a lot when we are sheep herding. It is a lonesome occupation, and reading helps so much. You aren't quite big enough to last more than a day, though. And always at the funniest part of a Scatter story, the sheep decide to go back to the corrals or under a fence or into a field of wheat. My sister just came up to the granary where I have the typewriter with copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL piled around it, and now

she is so absorbed in one that she has forgotten to chew the handful of wheat she stole from a bin. The magazine keeps fat in spite of the depression, a point we all appreciate. Here is hoping that when prosperity returns it will grow stouter than ever."

THIS letter comes from Niagara Falls, Ontario and was sent to us by Mary Irene Scull. "Hurrah for THE AMERICAN GIRL," her letter begins. "I firmly believe that there is no finer magazine. I have received it for three years as a Christmas present and each issue is awaited as enthusiastically as was the first. I am a Lone Girl Scout. My meetings, at which I am patrol leader, corporal, troop leader and all the rest, are getting dull. The stories in your magazine are perfect. I always enjoy every one of them."

JEAN BENNETT'S letter is from Vienna. "I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed the ending of *Face West*," she says. "I loved *Girl Wanted*, too. Let's have some more Jo Ann stories, please, because they're my favorites." From Switzerland we have a letter written by Eleanora Deren, who is in school there. "I certainly enjoy your magazine immensely and wish it would come twice a month," she writes. "I like the Jo Ann and Scatter stories just because I never knew anyone like them and they are certainly fun to imagine. But I don't think the illustrations suit the characters at all. I simply adore the covers and especially the nice colors in the last May issue. All my friends here like THE AMERICAN GIRL and there is always a scramble for it when it arrives."

JOAN ROSENTHAL of Kenilworth, South Africa writes, "THE AMERICAN GIRL is a fine magazine and both my sister and I read it eagerly." Joan seems to prefer the articles, but thinks the fiction is a little too childish, except for the Scatter and Jo Ann stories. "I love them," she says, "and I think that people who write derogatorily about their illustrations are mad. They are fine, as are all the illustrations in this magazine, and they seem absolutely typical of the stories which they illustrate. Your cover designs are keen and I enjoy them immensely." From Shanghai, Patricia Smith writes to tell us she likes us very much. "I certainly do think you are a good magazine and mother says you have just lots of good ideas," she says. "I love the Jo Ann stories and Mary Ellen ones, too, but you really don't get very much good from the latter—they're just amusing. I'm so glad you had that article about golf because mother read it and decided that she would start me on the game."



MARCH 12, 1912

MARCH 12, 1933

To Juliette Low

BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

MORE than a score of years ago a torch was lit,
A beacon whose glow shone for the joy of youth,
And you, sensing its brilliancy, beneath your roof
Kindled a kindred flame, that girlhood in your land
Should live within its light, and with your hand
You tended it and kept its whiteness pure;
Prayed that its bright promise might endure,
And walked yourself uprightly in its gleam.
And we who have had faith in this your dream,
Are come to give account of our brief stewardship.
Thousands of girls share your ideals today,
Thousands of women walk with them your lighted way
With lives enriched and broadened from its treasury
And glad hearts consecrated to your memory.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

MARCH • 1933

The Drumming Girl

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

Illustrations by Harrie Wood

THOUGH the outskirts of the manufacturing town had completely closed it in, surrounding it with rows of artisans' dwellings, and forcing the smoke down its chimneys by the wind-screen of a tall warehouse, the inn called *The Drumming Girl* still kept a countrified appearance. Its windows were small, and showed by their irregularity the inconsequential arrangement and differing floor levels of the rooms within; its roof of dark red tiles sagged like the back of an old horse; and a stone panel above the door had the inscription: *Peregrine Bissett, Publisher—1834.*

The sign, which had recently been smartened up with fresh paint, represented a young woman with red cheeks and a drum slung round her neck with a red ribbon. But in the oil painting which hung in the parlor, and was clearly the original from which the sign had been copied, the young woman had no red about her except the ribbon. It was one of these portraits which are as obviously good likenesses as they are bad paintings, the artist some superior rustic whose knack of portraiture was little more than a special development of the power of mimicry. So life-like was it that the commercial traveler, a newcomer to the inn, felt, after a quarter of an hour's sitting in the room with it, that he had known the woman all his life. But whether he liked her was another matter.

Her dress, with its short bodice and vast *gigot* sleeves, was of the date of the panel on the front of the house; her hair was arranged in bunches of glossy ringlets on either side of her face, the gloss so conscientiously rendered by the artist as to suggest that his mind had been dwelling gluttonously upon bunches of grapes; her left hand, holding a drumstick, was arranged to display a wedding ring and a well-arched little finger. It was clear that she had on her best clothes, and had been posed in as elegant an attitude as possible. But the effect of elegance and sprightliness was belied by her face. It was one of those long, pale,



THE GIRL HAD BEEN POSED IN AS ELEGANT AN ATTITUDE AS POSSIBLE

earnest, sheep-like faces which are only produced by long breeding, and there was a singular and rather disquieting resolution in the straight-gazing eyes and small mouth. "Not too pleasant to live with," thought the commercial traveler. The red-cheeked girl on the sign was more to his taste. Yet he knew that she would not have held his attention for a minute, whereas he had been staring at the woman of the portrait for quarter of an hour, and still could not drink down his cider, break through her spell, and be gone about his business.

There were other people in the parlor though he had scarcely noticed them. Now it occurred to him that by falling into conversation with them he might hear something about the woman whose likeness had so deeply penetrated his mind. After

a few remarks on the badness of the times he said: "A hundred years ago *The Drumming Girl* was started, like it says over the door. Those must have been better days, eh?"

There was a mumble of assent.

"Her days, I reckon," he continued, nodding at the portrait. "Who was she, do you know?"

At first this inquiry aroused little interest; then, working up, various drinkers suggested that she was Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, or that girl who dressed up as a drummer boy and followed her young man to the wars.

"You're all of you wrong," remarked the old man in the corner, who until now had said no word.

"That's Mrs. Bissett, Lizzie Cotterell as was," he added after a pause.

Holding the bowl of his pipe in his hand he looked round on the assembly to see if it was properly impressed.

"Why has she got that drum?" asked the commercial traveler.

"Ah, that's a story," said the old man, and moved forward his glass.

"What do you take?" asked the traveler.

"Cider, I take," said the old man.

The traveler called for the mug to be replenished, and settled down to hear the story thus paid for.

"You wouldn't think," the old man began, "that this inn, and not so long ago, neither, stood in the middle of green fields. Why, but fifty years ago I was walking here by the lanes, picking nuts on the way and cracking them with my teeth. That was when Sally Ferry was publican here, Lizzie's daughter, and I got the story from her. 'Tisn't every one as knows it."

After a pause he set down the mug empty, and again the traveler called for it to be filled.

"You're a gent, you are," said the old man with decision, "and I'll tell you about Lizzie Cotterell as I was told.

"Lizzie, she was the only daughter of Farmer Cotterell, who lived at Longpenny, three miles from here, good. The Cotterells thought no small things of themselves, they was one of these ancient families, and had bided in the same place, and kept to the same ways, since Magna Charter times. Lizzie being the one girl, you'd have thought she'd be proud. But she warn't. She was a quiet, secret little thing, never spoke up for herself, and to see her among the Bissett girls would have put you in mind of a willow-slip growing among a lot of blossoming cratching rosebushes.

"Now the Bissetts, they bided in this very house. It warn't a public then, but a farmhouse. The Bissetts were an old family in these parts, too, but of no account compared with the Cotterells. And whereas the Cotterells were all boys and one only daughter, the Bissetts were 'tother way about—four or five girls, and but the one boy, Peregrine. Lizzie and the Bissett girls were close friends, always in and out of each other's houses, and trying on each other's ribbons; but Peregrine, he was older than Lizzie, a young man growed when she was a child; and she never had much to say to he, nor he to her, but as a young man might make a pet of a child, with a kiss on Sundays, or asking after her kitten, or tossing her up on to a haycock. And she took no heed of him, seemingly. But that's as time showed.

"Peregrine, he was a handsome fellow, and vain, and one who denied himself nothing. And when his father died, and he came into the inheritance, it was a wonder how he made the money fly. He bought new furniture, and a statue from foreign parts, great big mirrors and waistcoats such as the gentry might wear, and always went to the town to have his hair cut. At first he was all for cock fighting, and he'd invite half the young fellows in the county to his great barn, and there they'd be, cheering their birds on, and laying bets like one o'clock; and afterwards there'd

be a great supper like Harvest Home, with fiddles playing to dance to, and the Bissett girls swimming about on their partners' arms like ladies of the land. Then cock fighting was too homely a sport for he, and he must needs take up with horse racing. If the money had walked out of the house before,



"EITHER YOU'RE MAD," HE SAID TO HER, "OR I'M DREAMING. OR THIS IS LOVE."

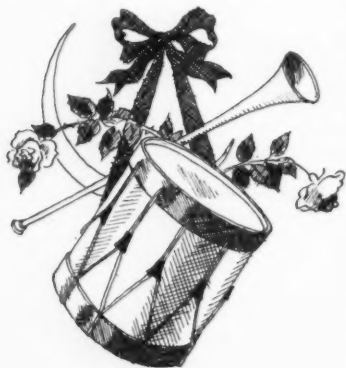
now it went out on wings. The girls, they hurried up, they did, and got married while there was still a portion for them. And every time there was a marriage at the house, it was like a coronation.

"Lizzie, she went to the marriages; she was bridesmaid to three or four of them. There's a saying, 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.' And it looked as if it might be so with Lizzie, for though she had young men a-plenty after her, she being seventeen or so by now, she wouldn't look at them. But she didn't go to the other glorifications, for her parents wouldn't allow it. Everyone knew how Peregrine's affairs were going, he was the talk of the county; and the respectable families, like the Cotterells, wouldn't have anything to do with him, he was so wild and running so on his ruin.

"Sure enough, the day came, as every one said it would, and Peregrine he had to escape overseas, or he'd have been put into prison for debt. No one knew for certain where he'd gone, and no one cared. Then his uncle came here, Mr. Radbone, brother to Peregrine's mother. He was a lawyer in Salisbury. He was a fat, severe man, walked slow, talked slow, never let a word out of his mouth nor a penny out of his pocket without looking it over twice. 'I've come to see about my unfortunate nephew's affairs,' he said. First thing he did was to have a sale, and sell off all poor Peregrine's belongings. Next thing he did was to cut down the free milk and firing Peregrine's farm laborers had always been allowed, and to threaten them against poaching or breaking a stick out of the hedge. Then he went back to Salisbury, and sent a son of his own to live at the farm and oversee it.

"The very week young Mr. and Mrs. Radbone moved in, the haunting began. It warn't a ghost as you could see; there warn't even that much satisfaction about it. It was a rapping. Rap, rap, rap. And then nothing. And then, rap, rap, rap, again. Slow, and solemn, and hollow, as if someone were about the house beating a drum. Every night it began, between midnight and one; and it would last until just before daybreak. It didn't keep on all the time. No! But long enough to wake you; and then, just as you'd be getting off to sleep, it would tune up again.

"The young Radbones, they were close people, and kept themselves to themselves. They'd brought their own servants with them, and Mrs. Radbone, she didn't give them much time to run out and gossip. So it was a goodish while before the news of the haunting got about. People couldn't make nothing of it, for no one had ever heard of a haunt-



ing at the Bissett's house before, and there'd never been no murders there, not to be known of. So it was a puzzle. Then old Mrs. Dowson, she must needs tell Mrs. Radbone that, by what *she* could make of it, the rappings were a Token, and foretold a death in the family. From that day there was no holding Mrs. Radbone. She'd got two children, both of them puny, and she didn't want no deaths foretold. She'd lie awake, sighing and quaking, waiting for the rappings to begin. Sure enough, begin they would, rap, rap, rap. 'Oh, my children!' she'd cry, and whisk out of bed to see if they were ailing.

Mr. Radbone, he'd get out of bed, too, yelling and threatening, and go downstairs with a gun, vowing he'd find whatever it was that rapped so, and settle it once and for all. But search as he would, upstairs and downstairs, indoors and out, cellar and woodshed, he'd find nothing. Once, when he was stamping 'round the dairy, the wind blew his candle out, and then and there the drum boomed out behind him, as loud as a field-day. After that, he began to think the Token might be meant for him, and that it was he, not the children, the drummer had come to fetch away. Having taken that idea into his head he began to listen to his wife, whose one cry, by now, was 'Take me away from this dreadful house. Let us get out while we're still alive.' And come Quarter-Day, the young Radbones, they gave up the farm and moved out, for all the old gentleman in Salisbury might say.

"A Scotch bailiff was sent to look after the farm. He lodged in the village, and the house stood empty for a while, till some new tenants came, put in, those too, by old Radbone. The very day they moved in the rappings began, same as ever. They couldn't endure more than half a year of it, either. Then they went.

"Four different families came to the house, and none of them stayed above six months, because of the rappings. The last lot, they were Roman Catholics, they were; and they sent for a priest to come. He went all over the house, sprinkling water and saying prayers. And because it was wild weather, and he had a long way to ride home, they asked him to stay the night with them. If you'll believe it, that evening, while they were still at supper, the rappings began. And never before had they been so loud and prancing; it was as though the ghost were beating out a polka.

"That priest, he was a bold man, I'll say that for him. He got up from supper, put on his stole, and went straight off to the brewhouse, where the rappings seemed to come from. But for every word he said that obstinate ghost gave him as good again.

"Rataplan', says the drum, whenever he stopped, as pat as the clerk crying amen to the parson.

"There was no staying it, and no finding it, for 'twould flit all over the house, like, and in the end he had to give over. And that lot of people went, too, saying they wouldn't bide in a house that was under a curse.

"After that such tales got about, no one would come nigh it, unless it were a pack of boys to cry *W'hee!* through the

"TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS DREADFUL HOUSE!" SHE WOULD CRY

broken windows at dusk, and run away. And so it stood empty for two years or more, a sorry sight, for it had been a handsome house in its time, and it was a pity to see it falling to ruin when you'd think what a sight of fine families had been reared under that roof. Meanwhile, old Mr. Radbone and the Scotch bailiff had been scrimping and scrapping, and raising money,

and by some law work or other Mr. Radbone persuaded Peregrine's creditors to take less than their due and be satisfied; and Peregrine could come back again from overseas.

"It was in April he came. Those few as saw him come said they wouldn't have known him, but for his jaunty way of walking, he was grown so thin and down looking. His uncle came with him, and he and the bailiff spent hours on hours with Peregrine, explaining how they'd done this and done that, and how thankful he should be to them. Then, just about nightfall, they drove off, and Peregrine was left alone in his house. He went out and walked 'round the garden, looking where the flowers had been, and seeing what a bungle the different tenants had made of the apple trees, each pruning them after his own fancy. Then old Mrs. Dowson she turned up to cook his supper, and she told him what his uncle and the bailiff hadn't seen fit to mention: of the rapping ghost, and all the trouble it had made. While she was there, and a-talking, he pooh-poohed it; but after she'd gone, and he was left alone with two chairs and one candlestick, maybe he thought more of it; anyhow, he didn't go to bed.

"Then, just upon midnight, he sat up and listened. The drum was marching down on him. Muffled it was at first, as though it were outside the (Continued on page 46)





PRINCESS DER LING IS READY FOR COURT

Princess Der Ling recalls regal Old China in her talk with ALICE MULHERN

WHEN I saw her a few days ago at her New York hotel in her favorite clothes—a brown knitted sports suit—it was hard for me to remember that Princess Der Ling had ever been within the Walls of the Forbidden City. She stood before me a charming woman of the world who—were it not for her distinctive Manchu features, and a grace of manner rare among Western peoples—might have been American, or French, or English, born and bred. Trilingual—she thinks and speaks as well in French and English

as she does in her native Manchu—Princess Der Ling has married an American and has a son in a Hudson River preparatory school. She has written six books upon her experiences in China and in Europe and she has lectured all over the United States. Undoubtedly many of you have heard her—if you have you will agree with me that the vivacious Princess Der Ling has much to tell.

Her hotel suite is as far removed as is possible from the Oriental magnificence of her residence in the sacred palace of "Old Buddha", the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi, who for half a century held absolute sway over the lives and destinies of four hundred million people.

But she is two persons, this charming black-haired, dark-eyed Manchu princess. She is the modern, progressive, cultivated woman who loves China but who is also interested in whatever significant happens elsewhere in the world: in art, in politics, in sport, in literature. I doubt that many women are so well-informed as Princess Der Ling in what is going on. She is apt at one moment to be discussing modern educational methods

with an authority that shows wide research and experience; at the next, she is assisting an inquirer to make plans for a costume fête; at another she is thick in a discussion of things at Geneva.

That is the one Princess Der Ling. The other is the dream-filled lovely Manchu, descendant of those warlike Manchus who conquered China in 1644 and placed their dynasty upon the golden throne and who are still represented in Chinese affairs, but weakly, in that young Pu Yi whom the Dowager Empress chose as her successor. That imperious woman would have forestalled Pu Yi's fallen greatness. In his position as Premier of Manchukuo, the new Manchurian state, his power has been greatly curbed.

That Princess Der Ling who remembers the pageantry and *Arabian Nights'* life which went on in the Forbidden City under the Dowager Empress has a gift of story-telling that held this hearer enthralled. As she speaks the city lives again almost as if she unrolled its panorama upon a motion picture screen. It was the holy of holies of the Manchus; no foreigner dared step foot within its sacred boundaries. The whole place was a museum of such art treasures as never before in the world's history have been assembled. The Manchu emperors were collectors of all that was flawless in precious stones, in gold, in crystal and in fabrics.

While within Peking itself, but shut off from the city by high, well-patrolled walls, the Forbidden City held itself apart. It was as if life existed only within its precincts. All the rest of the world might as well have been dead. Here twenty-five years ago as a very young girl, Princess Der Ling lived a life steeped in the most formal etiquette. As first lady in waiting and especial favorite of Her Majesty, her days were a spectacle of splendor. Hers was a life envied her by scores of other highborn Manchu ladies, but it was an existence so perilous because of intrigue, that one never knew at what moment or for what cause one might be beheaded.

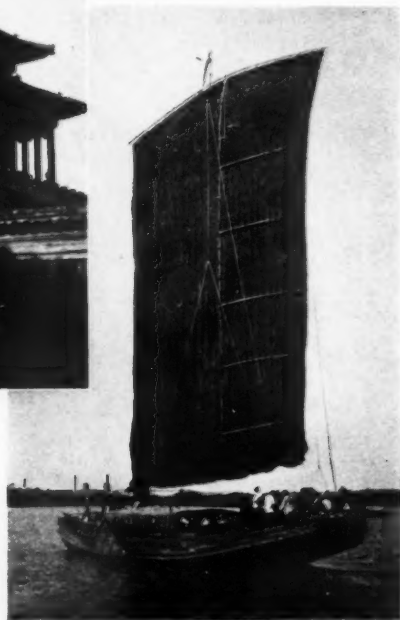
"There were thousands of guards everywhere," so Princess Der Ling tells. "Dressed in rich robes, if they were important, or in less costly ones if



THE WELL-GUARDED WALLS ABOUT THE FORBIDDEN CITY WERE STUDDED WITH STURDY RAMPARTS AND BEAUTIFUL ANCIENT TOWERS, SLOPING-ROOFED

COTTON MILLS TWENTY YEARS OLD LOOM UPON THE HORIZON BUT THIS TYPE OF CHINESE CRAFT HAS BEEN SAILED FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS

Lent through the courtesy of the China Society



Behind Jade Screens

their rôles were humbler, they streamed through the audience halls. They spied everywhere throughout the palaces. They haunted the borders of the lotus-strewn moats, each absorbed in his sacred and often secret task of keeping serene the Dowager Empress's life. The former cobbler, cruel Li Lien Ying, was chief guard and the most powerful man at court. A dread lot, those guards, yet occasionally among them one found a true heart.

"Hundreds of gardeners kept the courtyards and flower beds verdant with green, or flaming with color. Miniature villages and tiny pagodas, tall artificial mountains adorned the walks, for the Chinese are fond of this type of landscaping. Legions of swift-footed serving maids worked lightly and silently at their tasks, each one conscious of the high honor done her and her ancestors at being chosen to work so close to the Heaven-born Empress.

"Then, too, resplendent in richly jewelled and embroidered costumes ladies in waiting and court ladies modestly, becomingly followed Her Majesty's moods at the puppet shows and theatricals arranged for her pleasure within the Forbidden City's guarded walls. If Tzu Hsi laughed at her clowns' gayety all the ladies laughed. If she frowned, a twin frown appeared upon the porcelain-like beauty of each eagerly watching face."

There in that secluded and heart-breaking magnificence Princess Der Ling lived for two years—honored beyond price and forever privileged in her countrywomen's minds.

And she loved the Dowager Empress—a bit of news that startles most Occidentals for to the European and American "Old Buddha" is a forbidding, cruel and exacting tyrant, a person who terrified and ruled by fear. But oddly enough, this arrogant Empress who prided herself on hating "foreign-devils", who refused to permit American and European enterprises within her borders, constantly questioned Der Ling about the modern world—for Der Ling knew: her father for years had represented Her Majesty's government as ambassador to France, and to



TZU HSI WAS INDOMITABLE UPON THE DRAGON THRONE FOR HALF A CENTURY

was very red" and the straight, combed-back hair. She loved her European corkscrew curls. The red ribbon represents to her the necessarily limited freedom of Chinese childhood in contrast to the glorious days in Europe when she studied dancing under Isadora Duncan, went to birthday parties, promenaded in the park with her nurse and chattered her fill.

Princess Der Ling likes to remember her happy childhood in France—even though one hour every day was given over to the study of the Chinese classics under a learned and conscientious Honan tutor. The days were all too short when she studied music under a noted French musician; when her father's house was a mecca for famous diplomats of the day; where their apartments were like works of art to the Europeans who called: great rooms hung in rare brocades, carpeted in deep-piled Chinese rugs, profuse in priceless bronzes and porcelains, bursting with servitors—for the Chinese ambassador as representative of "Old Buddha" had to have the most impressive (Continued on page 45)

Japan. Princess Der Ling had lived in Europe. She had known "foreign-devil" children, had played with them and had loved them.

A romantic life, this two years at "Old Buddha's" court for Der Ling but to us it must have been much too confining, much too lonely to a young girl of Princess Der Ling's training and education. For, though she was born in China, a Manchu nobleman's daughter, garbed as a child in the padded gowns, padded shoes and looking as she says like "a toy balloon equipped with legs that waddled because they were thickly padded, too" hers was from her earliest years an European experience.

When her father had been Chinese ambassador to France she had worn her hair in curls as European children did. In China, however, whenever she returned she wore it as other Manchu children did, "combed straight in a sort of queue, and tied", as she says, "with a ribbon that was very red." To this day Princess Der Ling resents that "ribbon that



IT WAS TIME FOR
KADIJAH TO PRE-
PARE THE COUS-COUS

Adventure in Tunisia

By EUNICE TIETJENS

Illustrations by Franzar Dobias

"We are glad from our hearts for Chedlia," said Kadijah's mother. Then she sighed a little and added, "I hope that such good fortune will come also to Kadijah."

But the aunt sniffed. She was feeling very superior today and she was not, it must be admitted, a very kind woman at best.

"I hope so, of course," she said now, "but I fear it will be a long time before anyone presents himself. Who is there in the village who believes in all the newfangled ideas about women that your husband Mohammed has taken from the French in Tunis and from those bold American and English women who come here as tourists?"

Kadijah looked down quickly at her embroidery frame, where her own gold dress was nearing completion under her skillful hands. The needle stopped. She felt a stab of sorrow in her heart and her face flushed. But the aunt, having once started, went on with her disapproval.

"You could not help it, of course, my dear," she said sweetly to her sister. "An Arab wife can only obey her husband, but I think Mohammed's ideas a great mistake for Kadijah. Look at my own Chedlia. She has been brought up in the old wise ways. She never went to school, except to learn a few verses from the Koran before she was eight years old. At ten she was shut up in the harem. She has never since then been out of the house except to the Hammam bath, to the mosque, to weddings and to pick the olives in the autumn. And she has never taken a step in the street alone in her life. Her name is above reproach. And now Fradj el Asmai has asked for her in marriage!"

"As for Kadijah, though she is a nice child," went on her aunt, "she was allowed to go to the French school, with her face uncovered, until she was a great girl of thirteen. Why, she even knows how to read and write, like a man scholar! She speaks French and has friends among those bold tourist and French women. That Madame Duchene from the Villa Rose comes here with her daughter to see Kadijah nearly every week. I am told that they are perfectly respectable, as foreigners go, but they are bad company for an Arab maiden. Another thing—Kadijah goes as much as two hundred feet away, alone, to the houses of the neighbors when the men are out—"

"You know as well as I why she does that!" interrupted Kadijah's mother angrily.

"Yes, yes, I know," her sister said smoothly. "It is because she is really gifted at healing, and she takes care of the sick children of the neighborhood. That is admirable, no doubt. But it is reported in the village that she has been known to speak openly in the street—behind the veil, of course—to the old men among these neighbors. Doubtless she spoke of the sick children, and there is, of course, nothing actually wrong in it. But it is not seemly for a young girl. It gives her a bad name, and people speak unfavorably about her for it. That is why I think it will be a long time before anyone asks for her in marriage."

SO THE affair is settled!" said Kadijah's aunt. "Chedlia will have a good husband."

Kadijah's face shone with pleasure. Chedlia was her cousin, of her own age—they were both seventeen—and like a sister to her. And now one of the wealthiest men of the village had asked for her in marriage for his son, and the notaries had finished drawing up the contract.

Since they were good Mohammedans the bridegroom had never seen the face of the bride, and she, peering out through a lattice, had seen him only from a distance. They would have to do their getting acquainted after the ceremony. But in the meanwhile they knew all about each other by reputation, and both families were pleased.

It was to be a splendid wedding, costing the bridegroom twenty-five thousand francs, including the five thousand francs he was to pay for his wife, and the one thousand francs for the bull to be ceremonially slaughtered; including also musicians and dancers who were to be sent down from Tunis, newly poured gold jewelry for the bride, the wedding feast and other things. On the bride's side she was to bring certain household furnishings and linen, all of the highest quality, and her own trousseau. This last consisted chiefly of two dozen undershirts, embroidered—and the Arabs of Tunisia see nothing strange in this—in neat patterns of scorpions and bedbugs, three underdresses of velvet with sleeves of lace, many vials of perfume and scarfs of silk, and last and most important, the wedding dress itself, stiff as a board with the masses of real gold thread which were laid upon it in intricate designs. Chedlia had been embroidering in anticipation of this day since she was eight years old.

All these things had been carefully written down in the marriage contract. For the girls lived in Hammamet, a village in Tunisia on the shores of the blue and salty Mediterranean, and there such things are done properly and in order, as they have been done for centuries. Now the contract was signed, and Kadijah's aunt sat back and folded her hands over her stomach in satisfaction and serene content.

Kadijah could stand no more. She rose from her seat, her eyes bright with scalding tears, and slipped out into the courtyard of the house. All Arab houses are built about a court which is open to the sky, and the doors and windows, the eyes of the house, look inward toward this courtyard. Only a single door and at most a window or two, high up in the wall and screened with a lattice, look outward toward the street, and the world. The men are free to go out the single door, but the women remain within. An Arab man has the right if he wishes, though he does not always do so, to lock the door of his house when he goes out, so that the women are absolute prisoners.

Now Kadijah crossed the court and went into her own room. She stood, fighting back the tears. "It is unjust!" she cried passionately to herself. "What if I do speak occasionally to the old men? I have never spoken to a young man, except my cousins, in my whole life. No man who should not have seen my face since I was shut up. I am as virtuous as Chedlia, and as good a housekeeper. And my father is right. Why should I not speak French, and heal the sick?" But though she spoke thus bravely she was miserable in her heart. She knew that her aunt's words about the village were true. And if no man ever asked for her in marriage— She buried her face quickly in her hands at the thought of so great a humiliation, something which happens so rarely to an Arab maiden.

But Kadijah was young, and after a while a little hope crept back into her heart. "Perhaps," she thought, "things will change, as my father always says they will. It will not be an unendurable shame if I am not married for three years yet." She dried her tears and glanced up at the sun. It was time to prepare the *cons-cons* for the family dinner.

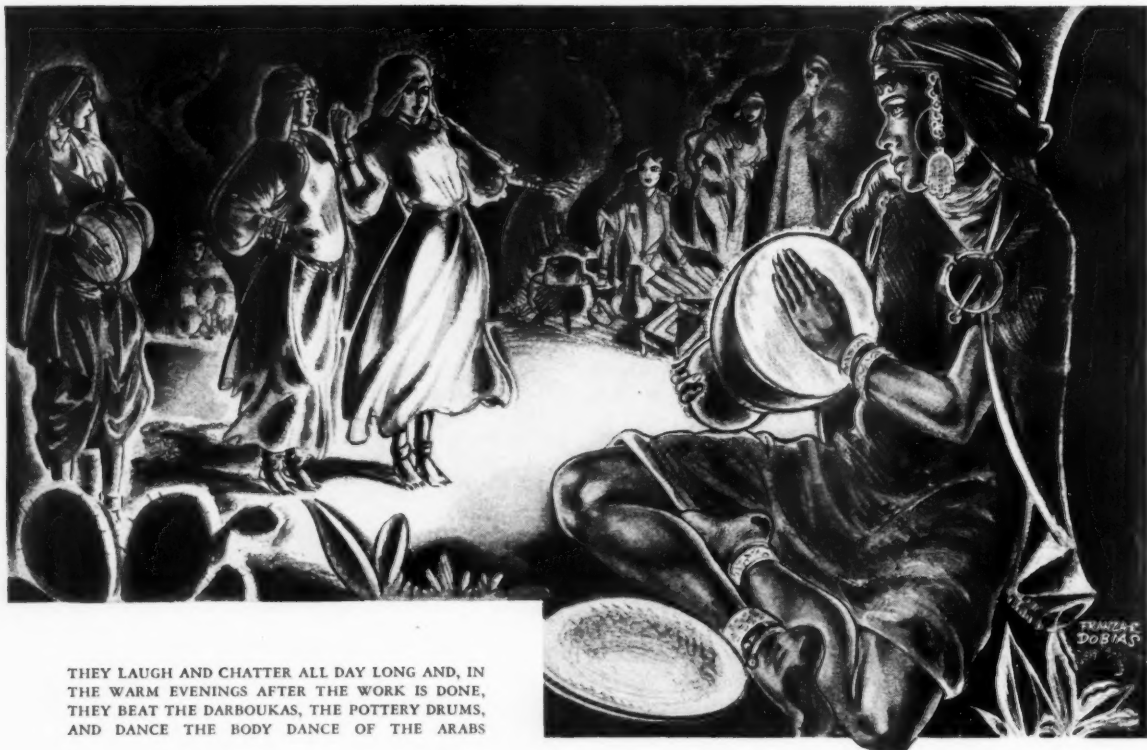
Out in the courtyard she took out the flat basket, more

like a wicker tray, and put into it a quantity of the *cons-cons*, a white grain something like wheat farina. On this she poured a few drops of water and began to roll it with the flat of her hand, manipulating it until the grains stuck together to form larger grains, almost as large as a grain of rice. This took a long time and required many rollings. She sat on the ground as she worked, and whenever she moved her bare feet her heavy silver anklets clinked on the flagstones. The girl wore a simple dress of brown wool which she had herself spun and woven. Over her head a gay red scarf was bound and around her waist another scarf like it, to serve as a belt. Her finger tips were stained a deep red with henna.

As she worked she could see with relief that her aunt was preparing to go home. The older woman wrapped herself carefully in her brown *batanya*, the outer garment which is two yards wide and five yards long, and is worn wrapped about in such a fashion that the woman in it seems to be nothing but a brown bundle from which two bare feet peep below, hung with silver anklets. Inside the bundle it is very hot and stuffy, especially as a woman must hold a fold of the *batanya* as a veil over her whole face except for a single eye. But one can get used to almost any inconvenience, and it never occurred to Kadijah's aunt to grumble. Indeed if anyone had forced her to set foot in the street without these swaddling clothes she would have felt as though she were naked. At last, after looking carefully up and down the street, she slipped out and across the narrow way to her

THE SUN CASTS SHARP BLACK SHADOWS HERE.
FEET MAKE NO SOUND IN THE SOFT SAND. TO
WALK IN THESE STREETS IS LIKE WALKING IN
A WHITE MAZE, A PUZZLE IN A DREAM





THEY LAUGH AND CHATTER ALL DAY LONG AND, IN THE WARM EVENINGS AFTER THE WORK IS DONE, THEY BEAT THE DARBOUKAS, THE POTTERY DRUMS, AND DANCE THE BODY DANCE OF THE ARABS

own door. Crossing the street was a breathless adventure.

Then Kadijah's mother, a gentle rather discouraged little woman, came into the courtyard also. She did not make any comment on her sister's unkind remarks, but she laid her hand on her daughter's shoulder and the girl nestled her cheek against it and felt comforted. They finished rolling the *cons-cons* together. Then they put it, with vegetables and mutton, to cook on the pottery fire pots, filled with charcoal, in a corner of the courtyard.

Presently Kadijah's little brother Djuma arrived, hungry, from a game of hopscotch after school, and not long afterward her father, Mohammed, came in. The girl was very fond of her father. He was a rather stern man, as almost all Arab fathers are, who gave his family orders and expected them to be obeyed. But he was kind enough for all that; he was just; and he was intelligent enough to see that the ways of the foreigner were not all bad.

It was a warm, beautiful evening, and Mohammed decided to eat out in the courtyard. Kadijah brought clean straw mats which she spread on the flagstones and on these Mohammed and little Djuma sat. The women, of course, did not eat with their men folks; that would not be seemly. They served the food on wooden trays which stood on short legs, like very low tables. After the men finished, they ate also.

This evening, when Mohammed had satisfied his hunger, he turned to his wife and said, "Today I have been to the olive orchard, the big one far out by Bir-Bou-Rekba. The olives are ripe at last. Tomorrow you are to take Kadijah and Djuma and Chedlia—if her father will allow her to go this year—and go to pick them. As it will probably take you several days, you had better prepare."

He spoke in his most matter-of-fact voice, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he finished. He knew very well that the women had been waiting for this order almost as anxiously as western children wait for Christmas.

"As you command," Kadijah's mother answered him, smiling. "Everything is already prepared."

"I think," went on Mohammed, "that I shall take the olives this year to be pressed at the big new press outside the walls. It is a fine thing for the village to have a rich man from Tunis cast in his lot with us as Ahmed has done. Ahmed is intelligent, too. Not narrow-minded as so many of the villagers are." There was a pause, then Mohammed went on, trying to appear unconcerned. "I saw his son today. He seems a fine young man." And, unaccountably, he sighed.

Kadijah turned quickly and began clearing off the dishes. Even the tips of her ears were pink! It was so plain what was in her father's mind!

But she had little time to think now. There was much to be done to prepare for the olive picking, in spite of her mother's "politeness" answer.

The olive picking is the great event of the year for the women and girls of Hammamet, the only time they are allowed any sense of freedom, the only time they ever see the fields or the trees. And how they love it! They laugh and chatter all day long and, in the warm evenings, after the work is done, they make sharp dishes with lots of red pimentos in them over the pottery fire pots, and they beat the *darboukas*, the pottery drums, and dance the body dance of the Arabs, holding their feet almost still and their hands in the air before them, and moving and twisting their bodies in a way that must be seen to be believed. They sing, too, songs with queer broken rhythms and catches in them that make the heart beat faster. And their masters, the men folk, are not there to keep tab on them. No wonder they love it!

So the next morning, after Mohammed had given the order, a little caravan moved at dawn from his door and through the white streets of the village, streets so narrow that one can sometimes touch both sides at once. The houses in Hammamet are all like whitewashed blocks, flat on all sides, including the roofs, and the streets are blank except for an occasional door. The sun casts sharp black shadows here. Feet make no sound in the (Continued on page 32)

Virginia Viscountess



SHE LOVES OUTDOOR SPORTS

AT ONE of the many important dinners at which Lady Astor spoke in New York, just before sailing for England to have Christmas with her family, Owen D. Young introduced her as "One of the most fascinating figures of our time—an American girl whose spontaneity is anchored to good sense; whose individuality has never been submerged by the halls of Westminster and who says what she thinks when she thinks it."

Lady Astor is one of those persons of whom eulogies are made in superlatives. No one who comes in contact with her, even remotely, can deny she is charming. Life is easier for the charming person and in Lady Astor's lap the gods seem

to have tossed everything that heart could desire—admiration, beauty, wealth, social prominence, love, children, international fame, as well as a seemingly boundless energy.

Beauty was her heritage. She was born under friendly stars, one of the five beautiful Langhorne sisters of Albemarle County, Virginia. The prettiest of the five was Irene, now Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the original Gibson girl who set the feminine ideal at the turn of the century. But Nancy was the bravest of the lot—and the worst tomboy. There are grown men in Virginia today—some of them fête Lady Astor on her visits—who can remember how her hard little fist would shoot out when they "didn't play fair."

The rough and tumble fight finished, Nancy would wipe the smudges from her determined little face, don her prettiest frock and be the belle of the evening at the cotillion—for she was also the most graceful dancer.

She was dainty or rough, respectful or impertinent, as the situation seemed to her to demand. Her mother despaired that she would ever grow up. Today her friends proudly boast she never has. Although she is the mother of five sons and one daughter, she still swims, rides and plays tennis with her children. In spirit, they seem all of an age.

It would be hard to say on which side of the Atlantic she is more widely known. Over here she is our own Nancy Astor. Any woman with less good, hard sense would be smothered by the adoration paid her on visits home. In England she has her loyal group of constituents who re-elect her faithfully to Parliament, but wholesale admiration of her is tempered by the chillier British temperament.

She is not the first American woman to transfer her scene of action from the new world to the old. We have several American peeresses. But she is the only American woman who changed her homeland to become wholly accepted, not only socially—for wealth can often do that—but as part of the public life of a country al-

most tyrannized by tradition. Only a Britisher can realize what it means to be the first woman elected to the Imperial Parliament.

Her tendency to "say what she thinks when she thinks it" is conspicuous in the House of Commons. Even those dead Lords and Kings must look down from their frames on the wall and wink—if not shudder—when the first woman member lets fly her quick sallies of wit and her astringent repartee.

"I'm always blurting out some remark on the floor likely to cause trouble," she says, "and no one is ever more surprised than I am. Not long ago a land bill was being discussed when one of the 'bolshies' exclaimed, 'Where did the Cecils get their land?'"

"Before I knew it I had retorted, 'Where did Abraham get his?'"

"Another time, one of my opponents was arguing against a bill which I had spent hours sponsoring. Now this man raised another point against it with the remark, 'Of course, things like this don't matter to women of wealth like Lady Astor.'"

"'Rats!' called someone from the gallery. I was horrified to realize it was myself. I was told that no one had ever shouted 'Rats!' in the House of Commons before."

Lady Astor has few inhibitions—and why should she have? She has always been on the crest of the wave and all her impulses are pleasant ones. Her (Continued on page 36)

LADY ASTOR IS INVARIABLY THE MOST VIVID WOMAN IN THE ROOM



By MARGARET NORRIS

Marianna's Vineyard

MARIANNA—"Silence for a few seconds and then the woman's voice repeated the call, a little louder, a little more impatiently.

Marianna had ignored her mother's first call but she knew that this time she must answer. When her mother failed to pause and raise her voice on the "anna" part of her name, as though in song, then trouble was brewing.

Marianna placed the hot flatiron back on the kitchen stove, ran to the foot of the stairs and called up, "Yes, mother."

"What in the name of heaven are you doing in the kitchen at five o'clock in the morning?" her mother asked.

Marianna was doing several things but what she chose to tell her mother was that she was hungry and had come down for some bread and milk. Well, so she had. That was part of the plot. No use lying about things, because then you had to confess your lies to the priest and he would make you say a lot of *Ave Marias* and do penance for hours, and Marianna was far too busy for that. So, when she had tiptoed down to the kitchen at four-thirty that morning, she had put some wood on the fire and had placed a pan with milk in it on the stove. The fact that there was also on the stove a small flatiron, and that while the iron and milk were heating, Marianna had washed her hair, didn't detract from the truth of her statement.

After answering her mother she rushed back to the stove. She must work fast now. Her hair was nearly dry, but she still had to press both sleeves of the white linen blouse which she had washed the night before. She lifted the iron to her face. Too hot. She dipped the bottom in cold water. Oh dear, oh dear, now it wouldn't run smoothly. Wax? But burning wax smells. She opened the kitchen door so she might wax the iron outside. There was a brisk wind blowing, far too brisk for the tenth of September in the Roman Campagna.

One breath of that cold air, and Marianna was in a panic. She dropped the iron and began to run up the slope of the hill behind the house. She forgot about her blouse, about her mother who would soon be down and discover everything, about today being Bruno's birthday. Nothing mattered except her grapes.

"Please, dear *Madonna dell'Uva*, grant that the cold and wind may not have harmed them. They *must* be the finest, biggest, sweetest grapes in all the province. Just one week more and they will be ready for picking. Seven days more and they will be adorning the center of a booth in the Piazza Siena in Rome, where the great annual *Festa dell'Uva* is held." Thus ran Marianna's thoughts, and she made many rash promises to the patron saint of grapes as she panted up the hill.

When she finally reached the top she heaved a sigh of relief. The saints be praised! The precious grapes hung in full golden clusters on the vine, unharmed by wind or frost. They were magnificent. Marianna swung around and fairly danced her way back to the house. There she found her mother tidying the kitchen.

"So, young woman! What, pray, is the reason for this?" her mother inquired as she held up the partly pressed blouse.

Marianna hesitated, then said, "I thought, maybe, just this morning, you would let me go to Rome in the cart with Angelo."

Angelo was the trusted farmhand who had been driving their carts for many years, long before Marianna's birth.

"And why, for instance, did you think you would be per-

mitted to go to Rome *this* morning?"

"There was something very special I wished to do."

"What, exactly?"

"I can't say. It's private, and truly, mother, there's no harm in it."

Several times before, Marianna had been permitted to go to Rome with Angelo to attend some special service in a church. Maybe her mother would think—

"No, my dear," her mother answered as though divining her thoughts. "There's no particular saintly errand calling you to Rome this morning, not with your hair freshly washed and your Sunday blouse all starched. What's more, Angelo isn't going either."

Angelo not going? Marianna gasped. That was unheard of. Every morning, just before daybreak, Angelo would

Illustrations by John Petrina



THEY EXAMINED AND TASTED MARIANNA'S GRAPES AND THERE WAS

start out with the two-wheeled wooden cart filled with casks of the light golden wine for which the hills about Rome are justly famous. Why should he not go today? At least, if he went, he could deliver a package for her.

"A new hood must be painted for the cart before the grape festival," her mother explained. "Your father intends working on it today. Your task will be to put in a new lining. The wine can wait. Angelo brought a double supply yesterday."

So that was it. Of course, the cart must have a new hood. Pity it had to be done today. For weeks she had been planning her escapade to town. Under her pillow lay a package with six initialed handkerchiefs which she had embroidered with a "B". The buds of her very reddest rose had opened yesterday and this morning they would be perfect for a birthday bouquet.

"No use standing there as though the end of the earth had come," her mother said. "Run along now. You'll go to town some day next week."

Marianna went, but covered her mouth with her right hand for fear her thoughts might escape from her lips. Why

couldn't her mother understand that a girl of seventeen was no longer a child? That she had a right to have secrets of her own. That going to town next week wouldn't matter at all, whereas not going today was a bitter disappointment.

That was a long morning for Marianna. She couldn't concentrate on anything. Her mind was too full of Bruno. Ever since birthdays had become important to her, she had remembered his birthday and had always made something for him herself. When she was quite little she used to tell her mother and father about it, but ever since they had teased her she had kept the date a secret. Besides, it was more fun that way.

At luncheon her father asked if she were ready to help with the new hood.

"I've bought you some pretty pink stuff for the inside," he said.

"There you go, spoiling her again," her mother commented.

"That's all right. Our Marianna will be the prettiest picture at the grape *festa* this year, eh?" And with that he gave her a pinch on the cheek.

Marianna blushed. Her father was always saying and doing things like that which fussed her.

"There's a lot to do. I think I had better start," was Marianna's only answer; and off she went.

The cart stood on the clearing in front of the house. Marianna climbed into the driver's seat and with scissors and pliers began ripping the dusty, worn lining. She was intent on her task when the sound of a familiar voice made her look up suddenly. She peered through a hole in the hood and saw Bruno, the handsome son of the landowner, approaching.

"Buon giorno, zia Concetta," Bruno greeted her mother. He called her "zia" or aunt, not because they were related, but because he had known her all his life. And Marianna's mother called him "Bruno," not Master or Mister, even now that he was grown-up, because she and her husband were not servants but managers of the estate. In a way, they were almost partners of his father, because the more the land produced, the more they, too, earned.

"I've brought the entry forms for the grape contest, so Marianna can fill hers out," Bruno said.

"That's very kind of you, Bruno, thanks." As Concetta took the blanks she stared at him, and a worried expression came over her face. "You look tired. Shall I make you some coffee?"

"That's a good idea, zia. The fact is, I feel a bit shaken. I've just missed being in a bad accident—a very lucky escape."

At that, Marianna bounded



MUCH ARGUING ABOUT WHY ONE OR THE OTHER OF THEM SHOULD OR SHOULD NOT WIN A PRIZE

out of the cart. She rushed up to Bruno and fired questions at him.

"Not so fast, young lady," Bruno said. "It happened about two miles down the road, just after the sharp turn at the entrance to the Park Hotel."

"Anybody hurt?" Marianna asked.

"I don't think so, but a lot of figs and oranges and grapes got smashed. It seems that as the cart turned to go from the road to the driveway that leads to the hotel, an automobile came around the curve at high speed and hit the cart in the rear. I was driving up pretty rapidly myself on the other side of the road and just missed being hit."

"That's a bad spot. Accidents always happening," Marianna's mother said. "Only strangers go fast around there."

"I hope Angelo is always careful," Bruno suggested.

"The cart drivers can't do anything about it. It's the autos that run into them." Marianna's mother left them and went into the kitchen.

Bruno and Marianna began an animated conversation about the grape festival. Finally Bruno suggested they walk to the vineyard. Marianna told him to go first and she would join him. She then ran upstairs, took the package from beneath her pillow and gayly rushed up the hill to meet him. She found Bruno on his knees, eating some of the grapes which had fallen from the vine. She knelt in front of him and holding both her hands behind her back said, "Guess. Which hand do you want?"

"Both."

"You can only have one."

"The left one then."

"Right, the first time."

"But I said left."

"Silly, of course you did. This time, left is right. See?" She drew forth her left hand in which there was a small package. "Happy birthday."

"So you did remember," Bruno said as he took the package. "Many thanks."

"Did you think I had forgotten?"

"This morning when I didn't see you, and no message came from you, I said to myself, ah, well, Mariannina is growing up; she's forgotten her childhood playmate."

"That's unfair. You know I wouldn't. Besides, you're the one who is grown-up now. Twenty-one today. Goodbye to the *Signorino* Bruno. Enter the *Signor* Bruno."

"You talk exactly like my father. He gave me a lecture this morning on my new responsibilities. Guess what he gave me as a present."

"Something you wanted very much?"

"Hm-hm—" Bruno nodded.

"Something little or big?"

"Very, very big."

"Oh—but no, you have an automobile, so it couldn't be that."

"Much bigger than that."

"Then a house—or maybe some land. Not the vineyard, did he, Bruno?"

"Yes, indeed. He gave me half the vineyard and I'm to do with it as I please—experiment, plant new vines, anything."

Marianna was too excited to speak.

"You'll help me with it, Marianna?"

"Of course I will. Think of it. All this



yours." Marianna waved her arm in a semicircle, then stood up as if to command a better view of the encircling hills.

Bruno, too, got up. "Come. Let's go see your grapes."

They examined and tasted Marianna's grapes and there was much arguing about why both of them, or neither of them, or one or the other of them should or should not win a prize. Without agreeing on any point, they finally reached the house, went into the kitchen and filled out their respective entry blanks for the contest. It was decided that unless an unusually strong wind should arise, which might damage the clusters, the grapes would be allowed to hang on the vine until Saturday, when the *vendemmia* or grape harvest would take place.

All that week there was feverish activity on the farm. There were the vats to be cleaned, the wine presses to be oiled, the baskets to be aired, and many extra chores to be attended to. So the week passed, and at daybreak on Saturday everyone agreed it was a perfect day for the *vendemmia*. Groups of young women and girls, walking arm in arm, singing the popular tunes which their mothers and grandmothers had sung before them at grape harvest time, arrived at the farmhouse and greeted Concetta. Young boys and men, and men too old to work but never too old to partake of a *festa*, also came singing up the path. Concetta gave them all some bread and cheese and a glass of wine before they went out to the vineyard.

Marianna slung one of the large baskets on her back, picked up a sturdy pair of shears and joined the gay throng that was speeding over the hillside. Everyone seemed happy, which was as it should be on the day of the grape harvest. The *vendemmia* is one of the gayest days of the year. The work is pleasant, the baskets quickly filled, and the very fragrance of the grapes seems to exhilarate the workers. The generous clusters, lovely to look at, sweet to the taste, are proof that nature is good and bountiful. By eleven o'clock Marianna had filled several baskets with her finest specimens. She had lined her baskets along the sheltered side of the barn and was making a further selection when Bruno arrived. There was admiration in his voice as he praised her crop. "You're bound to win a prize with these. They're pounds heavier than anything we had last year," Bruno said.

Marianna smiled. "It's been a very good grape year. Others will have fine crops, too. Angelo's son, Giovanni, is picking your grapes. Wait until you see them. They're big and round and rich-looking, like dark blue velvet."

While Bruno went to find Giovanni, Marianna weighed

her choice clusters. She had twenty which weighed about three pounds each. On six of these she tied a gay red (Continued on page 42)



MARIANNA CLIMBED INTO THE SEAT AND ANGELO SAT BESIDE HER



IN THE eighteenth century everyone in Europe was tremendously interested in chemical experiments. The world was just beginning to find out what extraordinary things chemists could accomplish, and there was a great deal of talk about a "philosopher's stone" which, when it was finally found, would have the magic property of transforming base metals into precious ones—in short, of making gold. The various kings and rulers of Europe were especially interested in the idea of being able to make gold, for those were days of great magnificence and royal coffers had an unfortunate way of running low in spite of taxes and tributes.

So when early in the eighteenth century a young German chemist named Böttger was so successful in his laboratory as to become famous up and down the countryside, people insisted that he could make gold. Perhaps he was even foolish enough to boast that he could. But he was soon sorry enough for that, and fled to Saxony where he hoped he could live unknown and undisturbed. Unfortunately Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had already heard of him, and had him seized and brought to his court. The poor young man—he was only twenty-seven—was shut up and kept under constant watch. He was given the most famous chemist in the state to help him in his work, and unlimited funds. All he had to do was to make gold.

It is not very pleasant to be kept a prisoner when the conditions of obtaining your freedom are utterly beyond you, impossible. Böttger got more and more frantic, the Elector more and more impatient. Finally Böttger suggested that instead of trying to make gold he be allowed to experiment in making porcelain. This was an art that interested all Europe; porcelain had been sent back from China, the Jesuit

By SUSAN SMITH

Decorations by Miriam Bartlett

jealously kept. Böttger was able to persuade Augustus the Second that it would be almost as good, perhaps quite as good, to make porcelain as to make gold.

The story is that one day when the porcelain experiments were going on, Böttger's valet brought him his wig. The chemist noticed that it was unusually heavy and found on inquiring that it had been powdered with a special sort of white clay. He had some of this clay brought to him and it turned out, just as he had thought it would, to be kaolin, the clay from which the finest porcelain is made. After that it was easy to make the beautiful product that was as valuable as gold. Böttger thought that at last he would be free. But he was kept more closely guarded than ever to make enough porcelain to satisfy the greedy ruler. In a few years he died, from what his biographers piously refer to as "excesses"—they do not seem to realize that he had had also an excess of hard work and close confinement.

The first "Royal Saxon China Manufactory" was established on the sixth of June, 1710 by Augustus the Second at Meissen, in the royal castle of Albrechtsburg. Later another was founded at Dresden, and because Meissen and Dresden are so near each other, and because the products of the two factories were much alike most people think and speak of German porcelain as "Dresden china", whereas many a "Dresden china shepherdess" or other charming porcelain figurine came from Meissen. About 1751 Frederick the Great took the men, the moulds and the clay of the Meissen manufactory to Berlin, because he thought it would be to his greater glory to have it there. In the meantime occasionally workmen had run away; or perhaps had had a few too many glasses of beer after work, and talked too freely to interested strangers; or had unaccountably missed from their pockets little notebooks full of Meissen secrets. And so many other manufactories sprang up—one at Vienna, one at Höchst and at Nymphenburg—and there were many other smaller plants here and there.

One of the most skillful modelers of the (Continued on page 37)



THE DRAWINGS, LEFT AND RIGHT, ARE OF REAL PORCELAIN FIGURES. THE MEDALLION, TOP CENTER, IS THE PROFILE OF BÖTTGER

The Blessing in Disguise

By PHYLLIS AYER SOWERS

Illustrations by Margaret Ayer



I WISH somebody would come," said Kiku-san to herself. "Anybody at all. There hasn't been a single customer all day and we need the money so much."

For the tenth time she crossed the room and, sliding the paper window open a very little way, looked out. A chilly breath of winter air came in, but it didn't matter much, because the little house wasn't very much heated at any time and Kiku-san was dressed in several layers of padded kimonos to keep her warm. She saw the familiar road, bordered by the tall trees which sometimes reminded her of sentinels standing guard over the little tea house and at other times suggested grim black soldiers marching up the hill toward the temple. So many people were climbing up there today because of the three-day Festival, which had begun that morning.

The day before, Kiku-san's father had decided he must go to the city on business and had invited her only brother to go with him. "That is the trouble with being a girl," she had thought. "Nothing interesting ever happens to me." But then she consoled herself with the thought of the coming Temple Festival and the expectation that she and her mother could go there for a few hours at least.

But how often our expectations do not come about! Kiku-san sighed as she thought of it, and of the reason she couldn't go. Her mother had suddenly become very ill and the girl had put her to bed in the mound of quilts on the floor, and had sent for the Japanese doctor from the village.

He had taken the mother's pulse for fully five minutes, and then had placed on each temple a paper wafer to take away her fever. He had also given Kiku-san some large pink pills, with directions to give one every three hours in hot tea. Kiku-san had had to give him, what had seemed to the owners of a small, mountain tea house, a great many yens from the money box. Now, added to the girl's disappointment about the fair, was her worry because her mother had



KIKU-SAN SLID OPEN THE DOOR AND A FLURRY OF WHIRLING SNOWFLAKES ENTERED

seemed no better. The only thing she could think might help would be to have some paper prayers, incense and other blessings from a temple, but there was the almost empty cash box. Nobody had come in to buy tea, so what could she do?

They went on up the hill, young women in gay kimonos and older ones in sedate grays and blues, school boys in blue and white kimonos and school caps, young hikers with dangling tin cups and a few foreign tourists who traveled in automobiles or *kago* chairs; farmers who had left their rice fields for the day; villagers who had left their shops; little children in all kinds of colors hopping gayly along on their wooden *getas* or riding upon their mother's backs.

As she watched them a moment, Kiku-san was tempted to shout, "Aren't any of you cold or thirsty?" But she slid the window shut and went back to huddle over the charcoal brazier which was giving out its scanty heat in the neat, bare room. Huddled before the tiny fire she looked about.

The only furniture consisted of the brazier, a fire box

"I am only a girl. Nothing interesting ever happens to me," thought Kiku-san. But that was before the pilgrim came to the tea house



as she lay sleeping in the room shut off by an opaque paper screen—that and the simmering of a kettle of water, the rattle of wheels or the clatter of wooden shoes and the sound of voices on the road outside, growing less and less frequent now that the afternoon was half gone. Suddenly the wind came rushing down from the mountains and, like a monster pouncing upon its prey, it struck the frail house so that it quivered and shook from the tempest's mortal blows.

Startled, Kiku-san jumped to her feet and running to the entrance slipped her stocking feet through the toe-straps of her wooden sandals and tied a cloth around her head.

"It sounds as though there will be a storm. I must shut the *amadoes*."

These wooden storm windows were to protect the house from bad weather, or from thieves at night and were shut outside the delicate paper windows. While the wind snatched rudely at her kimono and her hands tingled with cold, Kiku-san pushed them all shut except the front one. It would look more hospitable open, although there were now only a few pilgrims toiling up the temple hill with heads bent before a wind in which were mingled puffs of snow.

Hurrying inside the girl lighted the two floor lanterns and placed them near the translucent windows, so that the little house would itself glow like a paper lantern. Then

containing small drawers in which were kept the perquisites for making tea, a few floor cushions on which to sit and near a window a charming dwarfed pine older than Kiku-san. It stood on a miniature hill in a brown pottery dish. Then, of course, there was the ancestor shrine of carving and lacquer which stood in a recess of the wall.

It was very quiet, except for the sound of her mother's heavy breathing,

she once more huddled over the brazier, listening to the wailing of the wind among the trees. She saw her own shadow looming hideously large on the opposite wall and the shadow of the ancestral shrine seemed to waver restlessly and sometimes start toward her, as a gust of wind penetrating some crack would move the lantern flame.

"Oh, ancestors, forgive me!" whispered Kiku-san, suddenly jumping to her feet. "I forgot to stick up the doors and I suppose they are unhappy about mother."

Going to a closet which looked like part of the latticed wall, she slid it open and taking out paste and strips of white paper, she carefully fastened the small carved doors of the shrine.

"Now they may forget our sorrows and will perhaps feel better," she thought and, sitting down on her mat, was nearly dozing, when she heard the shuffling sound of feet on the doorstep outside and the tinkling of a bell. Kiku-san slid open the door and a flurry of snowflakes entered. There stood a bent old pilgrim with a white beard, leaning on a staff and ringing a little bell which hung from a string around his neck. He wore shabby white robes and his large flat hat was covered with snow like the roof of a house.

"*Obayo*, venerable sir," said Kiku-san.

He answered after the fashion of pilgrims, "May our six senses be pure and the snow on the honorable mountain be fair."

Kiku-san, of course, knew he was speaking of sacred Mount Fujiyama, so she only said, "Come inside and warm yourself, sir, and I will make you a cup of tea."

Leaning forward, the old fellow looked around the clean empty room, then came shuffling in on his straw sandals, bringing clumps of damp snow which settled in unpleasant wet patches on Kiku-san's clean matting. Almost anybody would have left his shoes in the entrance and Kiku-san sighed a little as she ran to get the short-handled diagonal broom to sweep up the snow as best she could. The old man had given himself a casual shake in the entrance, but when the girl wanted to take his hat and brush it off he shook his head in refusal.

"Perhaps he comes from the common people and doesn't know manners, but I must, of course, respect an old pilgrim," thought Kiku-san and hastened to pour out the water which had been boiling too long and put on fresh to make tea.

She opened the shallow drawer in the fire box and measured the tea carefully, then brought a low, black lacquer table to place before the old man, laying on it a dish of thin rice cakes. With Kiku-san, making tea was an important, almost a ceremonial affair, one not to be taken lightly. The old man held his bony hands over the brazier, snatching at the cakes and crushing two into his mouth at once, while he watched the girl's every movement with bright piercing eyes.

"Never mind taking so much time, girl. Are you alone here?" he asked impatiently.

"We have no servants, honorable sir, and my mother is ill. My father and brother have gone away to the city,"

answered Kiku-san politely as she hurried to serve the tea.

"Well, give me some money. I must go," said the pilgrim snatching the cup of tea and drinking it in great gulps. He kept looking around over his shoulder in an anxious manner which made Kiku-san uncomfortable.

"I will give you a few *sen* to help you on your way, but alas, I am trying to save what I can to buy a blessing at the temple to help cure my mother, and customers have been few today."

Kiku-san crossed to the ancestral shrine and reaching behind it slid open a small private wall-closet and took out the box which held their savings. She handed the old man three *sen*.

"This is few indeed!" he exclaimed crossly. "Give me the rest and I will buy the blessing for your mother myself."

Kiku-san drew back in dismay. Old men were forgetful, and she felt she would much rather do her own buying. Besides she didn't quite trust him and didn't like the strange wild look in his eyes.

"Oh, no, thank you, sir, I will get a neighbor to stay with my mother and go myself." She slipped the little box back into place, closing the panel.

"Kiku, come here a moment, my daughter," called her mother's weak voice from the other room and Kiku-san hurried around the screen.

"Who is there, daughter?" whispered the mother.

"It is only an old pilgrim, mother, who seeks shelter from the storm and I have given him tea."

The mother reached out her hot hand and drew Kiku-san closer. "Listen, daughter, get rid of him as quickly as you can. I do not feel easy about him. Your father warned me before he left to be very careful because there has been a man in some of the adjoining towns who goes about robbing small shops and tea houses and has even been known

to set fire to some of them from revenge, when he doesn't get what he wants. Be polite but try to get him away."

Kiku-san shuddered but answered bravely, "I will try to get him to go, but he is just an old man who leans on a staff and has a white beard."

"The thief was not an old man," answered her mother somewhat reassured, "but be careful, anyway."

"I will," answered the girl, with more confidence than she felt.

Her soft padded foot-mittens scarcely made a sound on the matting and when she entered the tea room, there was the pilgrim reaching into the recess back of the shrine fumbling about on the wall. When he saw her shadow he gave a quick leap backward to his seat by the braziers and his movements were not like those of an old man.

Kiku-san felt sure he had been trying to steal the cash box. She pretended not to have noticed and while she poured him a second cup of tea began to try to persuade him to go. She talked about the Temple Festival and the merit

he would undoubtedly make if he should go there now.

"Yes, yes," said the old man scowling, "I suppose all the pilgrims in this part of the land will be going there tonight."

"And there will be crowds of people in spite of the storm," suggested the girl. "You should be able to

collect many alms. Are you not afraid that if you stay here you may catch the illness from my mother?"

She went to bring a few extra pieces of charcoal and a fan to replenish and fan the fire which was dying down. While she was gone the pilgrim finished eating the cakes. She was just in time to see him lift his beard to wipe his mouth and, to her surprise, noticed that it wasn't growing on his face.

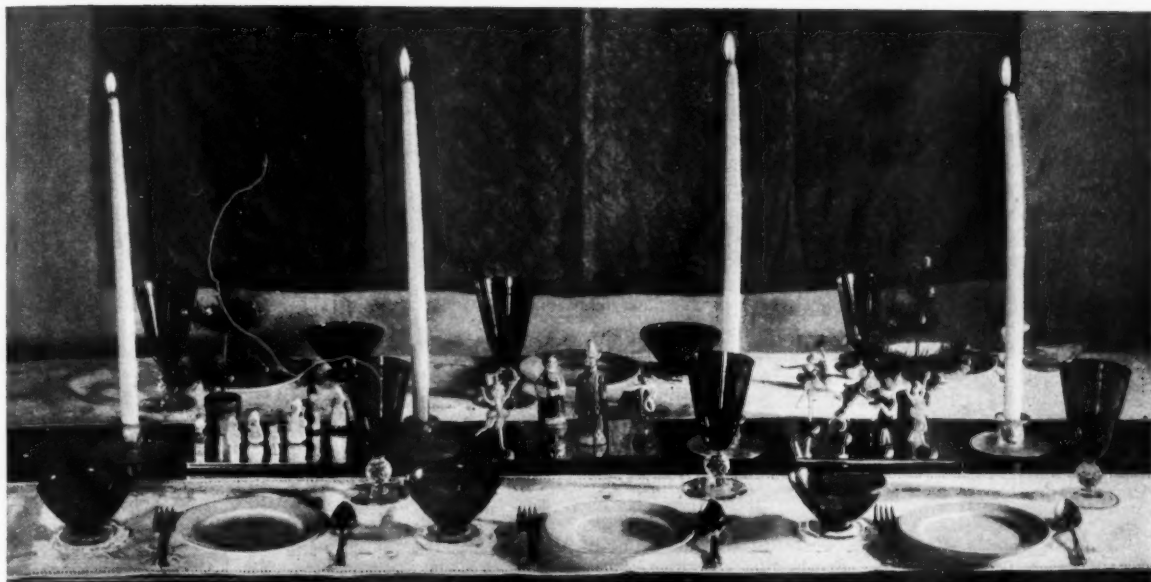
Kiku-san gasped. She nearly dropped her charcoal. This time the man knew he had been caught. Jumping to his feet, he waved his staff threateningly and muttered, "Give me half your money and I will go. Otherwise it will be worse for you. Instead of a blessing I shall bring a curse upon your mother."

This sounded so dreadful that Kiku-san put down the charcoal and hastily brought the cash box. As she began to count out half the money, suddenly the man snatched it from her and, catching her

(Continued on page 34)



"HERE, HOLD ON A MINUTE!" COMMANDED PAUL, CATCHING HIM BY THE ARM, AND AT THAT MOMENT THE MAN RECOGNIZED KIKU-SAN AND GAVE A GREAT START



Photograph by Barnaba, New York, N. Y.

MIRRORS, SMALL DOLLS IN THE DRESS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES, TINY TREES AND TALL CANDLES DECORATE A MARCH DINNER TABLE

Tables through the Year

By WINIFRED MOSES

IS THERE even one girl among you who would not like to be an artist—who would not like to create beautiful pictures? Very well then, here is your chance. I am offering each of you the opportunity to try your hand at making over a thousand pictures a year. How? It's all very simple. To begin: in most families the table is set three times a day. And every time the table is set a picture is made. But, alas, too many of us seem to think that only party tables are worth making beautiful. Too often the everyday table presents an indifferent or perhaps ugly picture. But I want to emphasize the fact that every table should make a beautiful picture—thereby adding much to the happiness and pleasure of every guest who sits down to it—and to the hostess, too.

I am taking for granted that you know the rules for laying the cloth or placing the doilies, after all they form the background of your picture, and for laying the covers—the china, glass and silver at the individual places—which serve as the frame. So I shall speak only of the centerpiece which is the focus of interest at any table.

The centerpiece must be in scale—that is, it must be neither too large nor too small for the table it graces. A bouquet that hangs over the plates on either side and dips into the food will cause more annoyance than pleasure. If on the other hand, the centerpiece is too small it is lost.

Centerpieces should be low, especially if an uneven number of people are seated at table. It is no fun playing hide-and-seek around a tall bouquet with the person or persons opposite. Tall bouquets, however, have their place—they may be used on long banquet or party tables.

When candles are a part of the decoration, they should be so tall that the light does not shine directly into the eyes. Use candles at night, whenever you can. They add much to the picture, are becoming to everyone, and give a touch of intimacy and glamour even to the simplest meal.

It is always well to have a color scheme. Start first with two-color combinations, adding a dash of a third for point

or accent, to please at first sight. So much for rules. Now for a few suggestions as to what to use: the

number of things that may go into a successful centerpiece is limited only by your ingenuity and imagination. In fact, you should begin at once to make a collection of materials for your table pictures—bowls and jars for flowers, baskets and wooden bowls for fruits, candlesticks, a mirror, a zoo of animals, a collection of dolls, tiny baskets, hatchets, log cabins, and other articles to serve as favors at dinners.

A mirror plaque helps in creating all sorts of pictures—a lake, the ocean, or merely for reflections. I have used three of these plaques on the March table in the illustration. Since this is International Month and some of you will want to give International parties, I placed on the plaques as many small dolls as I could find, costumed to represent different countries. The four candles arranged in a row are very effective especially for a long, narrow table. Mine has been arranged for six but it can easily seat ten. You will also notice that the table is set for the dessert course when the dessert is to be passed.

After March comes April—and Easter. For this special occasion there are bunnies and chickens and eggs. The possibilities of Easter eggs as a table decoration are always fascinating. Last year I was very thrifty and saved all the egg shells I had colored for Easter. With these I made a bouquet of spring flowers, using colored eggs, some yellow and green crêpe paper, a square of green cellophane left over from Christmas, and a little wooden pail—all of which I had on hand.

I had about a dozen eggs. I cut twelve pieces of yellow paper six by four inches. With a bit of glue I fastened a corner of the paper on the egg well above the bulge. Then I wound it around the egg, stretching it over the bulge, and pasting it with another dab of glue. Then I twisted the paper extending beyond the egg into a stem and fastened it with a bit of fine wire. Next I cut twelve pieces—six by eight inches—of green crêpe paper and (Continued on page 46)

Illustrations by Robb Beebe

The Hoodooed Inn

PAN FORREST, Ran, her brother, and her aunt had just moved into the Forrests' lovely old house in the Cat-skills when Mrs. Revell was seriously hurt in an automobile accident. To make matters still more unfortunate her financial affairs proved to be in bad shape. These things, together with the departure of Richard Forrest on an exploring trip to South America a few days before the accident, left his children in a quandary.

Mrs. Revell was in a sanatorium where she would have to remain for several months, while the two young Forrests were left at home with a large house, two newly engaged servants, and very little money. Mrs. Peters, the new cook, and her son opened the house as an inn.

One morning when Pan was dusting she came across a diary kept by Frony Newkirk, a girl who in 1809 was bound out to Peter Whispell, who had built the house.

The first two customers of the inn were two girls who came for tea. One of them, Judy Cockburn, tried to buy from Pan an old blue glass bowl that Pan had found in the cellar.

Mrs. Peters and William decided to lay out an archery green on the site of an old graveyard on the property. The Forrests remonstrated but the Peters employed Jud Everts, a villager, to go ahead with the work. Jud came to the house one morning to report queer goings-on in the graveyard. He worked at a safe distance from Peter Whispell's grave, and when he did have to pass the headstone he hurried the wheelbarrow along almost at a gallop!

CHAPTER TWO

Two days later, Pan told Mrs. Peters she would have to do some shopping in Kingsford. She had finished buying the necessities and was gazing wistfully at a gown in a dress shop window, when a young girl came out and exclaimed, "Hello! How's the inn going?"

Pan recognized Avis.

"Very well. At least, more and more people are coming all the time." The circumstances of their last meeting made the color rise to Pan's cheeks. "By the way, the name was meant to be Wayesyde Wafle Inne. I don't wonder you thought it queer. Some one played a joke on us."

Avis laughed.

"They have a wonderful sense of humor out your way! But Judy and I will testify that the inn isn't awful! We want to come again."

"Do!" exclaimed Pan, and was walking on, when Avis joined her.

"Please come and have a soda with me," she invited.

Pan gayly accepted, and they were chatting away in the drugstore, when she cried, "Goodness, there's the bus!" She rushed to the door, but was too late.

"And there's no other until ten tonight," she lamented. "Now what shall I do?"

"It was my fault," said her companion, "but don't worry. I left mother at the shop, and she has an engagement late this afternoon out your way. I know she'll drive you home. It wouldn't be any trouble."

They walked back to the shop. Pan thought Avis' mother must be a wealthy customer, but instead she turned out to be the attractive proprietor, Mrs. Bruyn. She had promised, it seemed, to take a gown to a customer at Woodland, and after she had closed the shop, they all got into her car and set out. Having reached Woodland, Mrs. Bruyn found the dress needed some slight alteration, so that it was quite late when she had finished. By then she especially was hungry.

"Girls, I'm perfectly starved," she cried. "Would you



"LOOK, OH, LOOK!" AVIS CLUTCHED PAN'S ARM. THROUGH THE DARK A SKULL AND CROSSBONES GLIMMERED IN GREEN FIRE

mind our stopping at the Tavern here? It will be my treat!"

Pan could hardly object. Woodland was the artists' colony, and their meal at the Tavern was enlivened by the sight of various famous men and women, some of whom spoke to the Bruyns. It was eight o'clock by the time they

The second part of our newest serial by LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

had finished, and twilight when a further drive through the hills brought them to Waffle Inn. Just as they slowed down to turn into the driveway, a man hailed them from the side of the road.

"You tell 'em at the inn that I've quit workin' on the archery," he said. "I won't go near it again no matter what they pays me. I don't like the look on it, and that's that!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Pan.

"Pete Whispell's the matter! Look at his stone I went and moved. If it don't turn your blood cold, my name ain't Judson Everts. I'm goin' home."

He disappeared down the road.

"What was he talking about?" asked the Bruyns.

"A grave stone."

"How weird!" exclaimed Avis. "Let's go see what he meant."

They got out of the car, approached Ye Olde Archery. The electric lights which were to illuminate it had not yet been installed, and tall lilac bushes shaded it from the inn. Under the hill the shadows were especially deep.

"Look, oh, look!" Avis clutched Pan's arm. A skull and crossbones glimmered at them in green fire. And underneath was limned in the same eerie substance, the startling effect being enhanced rather than otherwise by the omission of a letter here and there:

Behold me now as y u pas by
As yo ar now so onc was I
As I m now so you wil be
Prepar f r de th an fol ow me
PETER L. WHISPELL

"Heavens! What makes it lighted up like that?" whispered Avis.

"I don't know. Never saw it so before."

"Who was Peter L. Whispell?"

"He lived here. He had a bound girl in the house—what is it?"

Mrs. Bruyn, hitherto quite calm, had shrieked wildly. Something had swooped near her head.

"It was a bat," she explained, with her hands over her face. "I hate them. There he goes again! Murder!"

"What do you mean—a bound girl?" repeated Avis. "He tied her up?"

"No, no, not that. Bound out, a servant without pay. I found her diary. She'd never even been to Woodland, and had only fern tea, and he wouldn't let her go to school for more than six months—"

"Girls, I can't stay here in the midst of bats while you discuss this old person's servant problems. Besides, I promised to play contract with some friends this evening," said Mrs. Bruyn.

"Mother, you're scared!" reproached Avis.

"I'm not! I have this engagement, honestly. Pan, shall I drive you in?"

"No, thank you, it's only a step. I'll walk."

"See you again soon. I *must* hear if you find out anything," said Avis before they drove away.

Pan was walking slowly toward the inn when someone coming out of the driveway spoke to her.

"Is that you, Miss Forrest? Do you know if Jud Everts, the workman, is still around anywhere?"

"No, he's gone home."

Pan's tone was frigid, for it was her *bête noire*, the sign painter, who spoke to her.

"I was afraid I was too late to catch him. But he'll be on the job tomorrow, I suppose. We've still a lot to do."

"No, he's left for good, thank goodness. And I'm glad."

"What's wrong with Jud?" asked the painter, amused. "If you want to know, you can go look at the graveyard there. But what do you mean 'we'? It's the Peters's archery, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I sold them the equipment," he explained. "I have an agency for archery equipment; my uncle manufactures it. I hope the archery takes well. Don't you like it?"

"Like it! I think it's loathsome!"

Unfortunately for the effect of Pan's speech, a car whizzing by just then rendered indistinct the last word.

"Lonesome?" the sign painter repeated, or Pan thought he repeated. "It won't be that way long, I hope." What had seemed a rather artless admission on her part must have touched him.

"Won't you try shooting there with me some time? It's quite a lot of fun and very good exercise. You're not busy waffling every evening, are you? Not every night?"

Waffling! There he was, making fun of their sign again. And on top of this, having the effrontery to ask her to shoot over the spot he had desecrated.

"I wouldn't shoot there with you for a million dollars! And I said loathsome!"

It would have taken an exceptionally noisy car to drown this ultimatum, so distinctly was it uttered. Pan walked off, without waiting for the sign painter's answer. William was on duty in the restaurant, so she went straight upstairs, where she found Ran in his room, reading. She told him of the evening's mystery.

"Don't you think it was queer, the stone suddenly glimmering like that? Could it be witch fire?"

"Maybe," he replied cautiously.

"Then why hasn't it been like that before?"

"Perhaps it has. We haven't been watching it."

"I wonder what that old sign painter will say when he looks at it. He's out there now. I hope it good and scares him," said Pan malevolently.

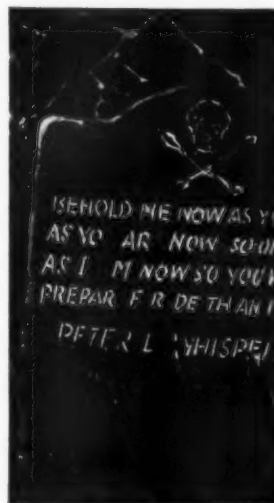
"The sign painter? What's he got to do with it?"

"Why, it seems it was he sold William the archery sets. His uncle makes them. I don't know how the Peters afforded them, but probably they're paying in instalments. He's the most meddlesome person! You'd think if he saw a graveyard on a person's place he'd let it alone, but no, he has to go and smear archery sets over it!"

Ran did not realize that his sister took the same satisfaction in blaming an outsider for their difficulties that he did in blaming her.

"What's this sign painter like?" he asked curiously. "Is he that old man with funny chin whiskers you see painting houses in the village?"

"No, he hasn't chin whiskers yet," admitted Pan conscientiously. "He's bad enough without *them*! He's got gray eyes and his hair sticks up every which way and he's tall and probably thinks he looks like (Continued on page 38)





GIRL SCOUTS OF LITHUANIA ARE KEEN ABOUT CAMPING



THESE GIRLS OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND ARE OFF FOR AN ALL-DAY HIKE TWO SM



THIS YOUNG KOREAN GIRL, EVEN THOUGH SHE MAY NEVER HAVE HEARD OF GIRL SCOUTING, LOOKS AFTER HER LITTLE SISTER WITH TRUE GIRL SCOUT WILLINGNESS

AND HERE IS ANOTHER GIRL, THIS TIME IN SWEDEN, WHO TAKES THE BABY FOR AN AIRING IN THE MORNING SUNSHINE WHILE SHE DELIVERS MILK TO THE VILLAGE



With Girls of M

If we can't visit these girls, the next best thing is to meet them through pictures and learn to know them by reading about the things they are doing and the countries in which they live



HIKE TWO SMILING YOUNG NORWEGIAN GIRLS DISPLAY THEIR NATIONAL DRESS



CZECHOSLOVAKIAN GIRLS LIKE CAMP AS MUCH AS WE DO

Many Lands



A POLISH GIRL HELPS TO BRING IN THE WHEAT



THIS UKRAINIAN GIRL IS DISPLAY-
ING SOME OF THE COLORFUL HAN-
DICRAFT WORK OF HER COUNTRY

The above photograph is used by courtesy of
the Foreign Language Informational Service

A TROOP OF AMERICAN GIRL SCOUTS IN PARIS MARCHES BY THE COLORS





LAUNDRY DAY MEANS RUBBING AT A BRAZIL GIRL SCOUT CAMP

Our International Mail Bag

THOSE of you who are particularly interested in Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of other countries will find in these pages this month a decided pleasure. Our mail bag this year has brought us an even greater variety than usual of letters from all over the world, telling of the daily life of other girls, of their Scouting and Guiding activities, their encampments and all kinds of other delightful things about them.

An interesting letter comes from Helen Haynes of Copenhagen who writes to tell us something about the Girl Scouts of Denmark:

"One might think that the Girl Scouts of Denmark would be very different from our Girl Scouts, but they are not even though their uniforms are blue instead of green, with a blue cap to match. They carry a knife and whistle on their belts and have merit badges on their sleeves, just as we do.

"Every two weeks the troops get together and take a hike in the woods. One day a friend of mine and I went with them and learned quite a bit about the Danish Girl Scouts. It was a rainy day when we went, but no one waits for the weather in Denmark. Our train left the railroad station at nine o'clock and our destination was reached in about twenty minutes. We stopped for a few minutes to make plans and then divided into groups, each of which went a different way. When our group got to a certain place, we stopped and each girl made a map of the place where we were. We measured the distance by steps—two steps were counted as a meter. After we had done this, we went on and met the other groups at a little restaurant in the middle of the woods where we ate lunch.

"On the way to the restaurant the girls were trying to find as many different kinds of plants as they could. Afterward they wrote down the names. In collecting the plants we found quite a number that I think we have not at home. The ground was just covered with little frogs; none of them was as large as

step we took we were afraid of stepping on either a frog or a snail."

These Girls Were Busy at Camp

Any girl who likes to camp will be interested in this letter from an enthusiastic Girl Guide about camping in Scotland. You will see that their activities are much the same as our own when we camp:

"We went camping with the Guides at Carphin, Luthrie the first week or so in July. The weather was fairly good—rather wet the first half but warm and sunny latterly. Seven of us went in for our Pioneer's badges at camp. You have to be able to pitch, strike, air, trench and repair a tent, erect screening, cook stew, bacon, porridge and dumpling on a camp fire, make two gadgets and do square and diagonal lashings. We also had to organize woodcraft games. Of course we didn't each have to do each part of the test, for we should hardly have got round in the time. We only cooked dumplings, not the other things. How tired Miss Mount, the examiner, was of tasting all the raw or over-browned dumpling that we made!

"We had a very jolly time. One day we went on a long hike. We walked to the mount, a monument on a hill a good many miles from camp. We took the smallest possible amount of stuff. No knives, forks, spoons, plates or mugs were taken; so it was a real picnic. It feels so much nicer eating that way. After lunch those who were lazy lay down on mats and had a snooze and the rest of us climbed up to the monument. The view from the top is lovely! We had a game in the wood and then went

down to the rest of the party. By the time we got home the little ones were rather tired and out of temper, since it was a very warm day.

"When we arrived we found that those left at the camp had had an exciting time. It was very windy, and our site was an open valley up which the wind swept with considerable force. During the afternoon the flag post had fallen three times, one bell tent had split with the strain of the wind getting in and had collapsed, a little balloon silk tent belonging to one of our lieutenants split almost beyond repair with the wind, and the cover of the fireplace gave great trouble. It is a strong ground sheet with brass rings at the ends which slip over nails on the top of tall poles. So often did the rings get unfastened that each of the six had to be securely whipped to the poles, a most laborious job.

"We had left the camp with all our bedding out and all the bell tents with their lower parts rolled up to air them. The wind got in and was swirling around dangerously inside and there was great risk of the poles falling or the canvas splitting. The girls left at camp had to let down again the brailings of all the tents and turn the doorways to face away from the wind. They had had a terrible struggle. They were not enough to cope with the force of the wind. The doorways had all to be laced shut—a very difficult job when the sides wouldn't meet. Altogether they had had a very trying time, running here and there, putting in all the bedding and expecting every minute to see another tent fall. They were very glad to see us back, and let us do the running after escaped hats, papers and even the lid of the bin in which we boil water.

"On Saturday we had our usual camp fancy-dress. The clothes are all got up from borrowed garments. It was great fun. The farmer and his wife and two of their daughters were up at camp.

"We got home on Monday and set off again for another camp on Thursday. There were six of us, two sleeping tents and two store tents. We had a week of glorious laziness, basking in the sun and getting very brown. The camp was near home; so of course we all had lots of visitors.

"We were very sorry to leave, but once here are quite glad to be at school again. Hockey has begun, and we are always looking forward to the next game. We go to the baths, too, every week to practise for a life saving test. We have Guides, too,

PAGODA TROOP, PEKING, CHINA THOUGH NEW IN SCOUTING DOES SUPERB WORK



Not Set—

other the world over regardless of that may separate their native lands

to look forward to; so we have a lovely time in spite of hard work every now and then."

How Irish Girls Learn to Be Guiders

While we are in the British Isles we might stop for a bit in Ireland. We have a letter from the Irish Guides of Ulster—

"In the Province of Ulster, which is comprised of six counties, there are now ninety-seven thousand Girl Guides of all ranks—a splendid total for this small area.

"Guiding in this part of the British Isles has gone well ahead and companies are springing up all over the Province in many small villages and towns where a long-felt need is now being supplied. These small, out-of-the-way companies keep in touch with each other by the help of their District Commissioner and also by training days for the Guiders which are held throughout the winter. In Ulster there is a Commissioner for Training and she arranges for trainers—red or blue cord diplomaed Guiders to hold training meetings which last perhaps for several days. At these sessions training on all parts of Guiding is given—for the new Guider wishing to learn the Tenderfoot Test, for Second Class work, games, singing, country dancing, simple handicrafts and Brownie Ceremonials.

"In individual companies the work is the same as elsewhere throughout the British Isles, the patrol system being the favorite way of running the company. In some counties they have inter-company competitions and those companies which attain a certain standard are called Star Companies. Prizes are given also for handicrafts and at one big County Rally held this year each division did one special item. One patrol acted a scene which was most ingenious and included a shipwreck and a desert island, knots, first aid, cooking and life saving. All took a part in it!

"This summer a great many camps were held in Ulster and several companies also went to England and Scotland to explore

new country. This is quite an adventure for many Guides and Rangers, as for a number of them it is often their first sea trip to another country, and the first time on a cross channel steamer.

"Ulster Girl Guides are especially lucky in having two permanent camp sites to which they may go at any time of the year. On one of these sites is a roomy hut and on the other a well built, renovated cottage. The cottage was just ready for use this year as summer camping time drew near, and it proved a tremendous success. It is less than a mile from the sea—a lovely sandy beach and splendid bathing facilities being provided here—and at the same time is close to a farm, and about a mile and a half from the village, all of which is a help to quartermasters."

Guiding in South Africa

From another part of the world entirely comes a series of letters sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL by Florence Jaeger of West Concord, Minnesota. Florence corresponds with Daphne Gawn, a Girl Guide of Pinetown, Natal, South Africa. Daphne writes:

"Miss Dawson, the Girl Guide Post Box Secretary in Zululand, wrote to the Girl Guide magazine asking for links for American Guides.

"I live in Pinetown which is about seventeen miles by rail from Durban. We have



PRINCESS ALICE IS REVIEWING THESE ZULU WAYFARERS

a very nice asphalt road which runs from Durban right through Pinetown on to Johannesburg which is a few hundred miles inland. Pinetown is a very pretty village with lovely tall trees.

"We have two Guide Patrols here. Ours is a new company, which started last year, and we are doing second class work.

"The Grenadier Guards' Band has just been to Durban. They got permission from H. M., the King, to come out here.

"I love swimming and swim every day. My sister has her swimmer's badge, and I am working for mine. I have my laundress', cyclist's and knitter's badges and hope to have more soon."

A Letter from France to America

From France comes a letter written to her friend in America by a Scotch girl studying there:

"You'll be wondering how on earth I've managed to remove to this corner of the world. Well, you see it is necessary to do a certain amount of residence abroad before one can teach French. I always wanted to go between my general and special years of

study and at Liverpool I met a French girl who told me about this place. It is the summer school of the University of Toulouse and is held in this quaint little town of Baguieres de Bigarre. There are hills practically all around—the Pyrenees—and the college arranges excursions every Monday for climbing. Last week we went to Gripp to see the Cascades and the lakes. The excursion started at five-fifty in the morning.

Furthermore, the tram stopped at a village not terribly far away and the guide announced we'd have to wait there for an hour until the next tram came. I wish you saw the trams, too, Betty. I thought the Scotch ones were bad, but here they seem to go out of order at any old time they please. The name of the village is Campan and the little church there is very beautiful and interesting.

"The tram soon came, but by the time we got to Gripp at half-past eight or so it was already warm and throughout the climb it got hotter and hotter and hotter. The cascades were wonderful and luckily there was plenty (Continued on page 48)



GIRL GUIDES IN THE ARGENTINE CAMP OUT IN THE RANCH COUNTRY TO GET THEIR PORTION OF THE SUN

FOUR HUNGARIAN GIRL GUIDES DRAW WATER AT A WAYSIDE WELL ON THE WAY TO BEAUTIFUL BUDAPEST



LAST OF THE LAME DUCKS

While public schools all over the United States were being closed for lack of money, and thousands of farms in every state were being sold for unpaid taxes or to satisfy mortgage holders, a disgusted country watched the present—and fortunately the last—Lame Duck Congress spend another month in confused bickering. By the end of January it had become evident that the session now in Washington would adjourn with a record of having done almost nothing to solve the national problems which have been crying out so urgently for solution. President Hoover's plan for saving money by reorganizing the various government bureaus had been scrapped by the Democrats on the plea that it did not go far enough; but practically no progress had been made in carrying out the Democratic campaign pledge to cut Federal expenses by twenty-five per cent, except a vague promise to give Roosevelt the power to reorganize government bureaus when he should become President. . . .

In agreeing on ways to raise more revenue to meet the mounting national deficit, Congress had shown itself equally helpless. Its lack of power made its position hopeless. Just when it had, apparently, made up its



mind to swallow the bitter pill of a general sales tax, the word came to it through friends of Roosevelt at Albany that the President-elect was "horrificed" at the idea that anyone should think he approved of a sales tax. That killed the sales tax. Democratic leaders then conferred with Roosevelt and announced that the conference had agreed that the best way to raise more revenue was to increase the amount of the income taxes and also to impose them on people with lower incomes than those now paying them. This announcement brought such a storm of protest, indignation and such a howl of rage from all over the country that the Democrats promptly abandoned that idea also—at least for this session of Congress, and apparently abandoned as well any hope of balancing the budget until the special session of the new Congress, which now seems inevitable, meets this spring. . . .

A bill sponsored by Democratic Senator Glass, of Virginia, and intended to accomplish certain reforms in the banking system and incidentally in the credit system of the country, seems, at this writing, to have been talked to death by the Democratic senator from Louisiana, Huey Long, self-named "The Kingfish". Senator Long dis-



approved of a clause in the bill which would permit the establishment, in small towns, of branches of big city banks, the idea being that these would be safer than small local banks. Knowing that he could not summon

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

enough support to kill the bill by vote, Long undertook, by taking advantage of a senator's right to talk indefinitely once he has the floor, to kill it by filibuster; that is, to prevent the Senate from accomplishing any other business until it would agree to do as he wished. For a week "The Kingfish" held the floor, talking to almost empty senatorial benches but to a packed gallery, since every out-of-town visitor wanted to see what had come to be regarded as the "best show in Washington." Finally, threatened with a cloture motion (a two-thirds vote to limit debate) Senator Long stopped talking and the Glass bank reform bill was passed, fifty-four to nine. It still has to pass the House, however, and the filibuster has so delayed it that most observers feel that there is no chance of its being made law by this session of Congress. . . .

While this clownish performance was going on, the thirty-sixth state, Missouri, ratified the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution, which will forever do away with lame duck sessions and, probably, with filibusters. It provides for the inauguration of Presidents to be on January twentieth, instead of on March fourth, and for new Congresses to meet on January third. This abolishes the present contradiction of a Congress trying to legislate for the country although many of its members have, at the preceding elections, been repudiated. It will be interesting to see what other states do.



PHILIPPINE "FREEDOM"

The only bill of major importance which has, at this writing, been passed by the present Congress, is one which has received scathing and wide condemnation by the press of the country. It is a bill to free the Philippines. For thirty-four years the Filipinos have agitated for freedom; but they made little progress until a powerful lobby informed American farmers that one of the quickest ways to raise the prices of beet and cane sugar, hemp and cottonseed oil was to thrust Philippine competitors outside the tariff wall by giving them their "freedom." Backed by this argument, a bill to cast off the islands went racing through both House and Senate in record time. This was done in spite of roars of protest from responsible people all over the country, who claimed that the bill was utterly selfish, like casting young children into the street and giving them "freedom" to take care of themselves; that it was unconstitutional, and that it might involve us in war with Eastern

powers, since we would still be under an obligation to defend the Philippines from aggression. For these and other reasons, President Hoover vetoed the bill, but it was promptly repassed over his veto.

However, the Philippines still have several hurdles to jump before they can become independent.

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

The country was shocked, on January fifth, to learn that Calvin Coolidge, thirtieth President of the United States, had died suddenly, of a heart attack, at his home in Northampton, Massachusetts, at the age of sixty. Complaining of indigestion, he had come home early from his office and, after doing a few things around the house, had gone upstairs to his room. There, a few moments later, Mrs. Coolidge found him. Death had, apparently, been instantaneous and painless. It had been caused by a variation of the same organic disorder which had taken President Harding and ex-President Wilson. Amid national mourning, Mr. Coolidge was buried in the family plot at Plymouth, Vermont. His passing will make President Hoover, on March fourth, our only living ex-President.



TECHNOCRACY

Like the dancing fad of several years ago, or the crossword puzzle mania, technocracy has swept across the United States in the last six months. Last August a group of engineers working at but not for Columbia University, under the guidance of Professor Walter Rautenstrauch and Howard Scott, made a number of terrifying announcements. Their spokesmen declared that, as a result of the findings of an "energy survey" of North America, on which they had been engaged, they had become convinced that our civilization was doomed to disaster within about eighteen months unless an entirely new economic system, which they advocated, were adopted. They back up their statements with startling figures about the number of men who had been, and would in the future be, thrown out of work permanently by the development of machines. Their statements dumbfounded all America.

Everybody began to talk about "technocracy," although almost nobody knew exactly what it was. Many of the startling figures put forth by its advocates were examined and found to be incorrect. President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, hastened to explain that technocracy was not sponsored by the university; it was a research being carried on with the help of a number of unemployed architects and engineers, and Columbia, wishing to help in the unemployment situation, had simply given it houseroom. This disavowal by President Butler was followed, toward the end of January, by a break between Professor Rautenstrauch and Mr. Scott, each of whom thereafter went his separate way. At this writing, technocracy seems to be settling down, in the public estimation, not as a new economic religion, but as just another fad—with a fad's lease of life.



Fashions for Spring

3320—Black and white diagonals plaid this smart wool school frock. Buttons, slip-on gloves, one-inch belt and one-strap, Cuban-heeled shoes are of black suède while the close-fitting black felt hat carries out the general salt and pepper tone with a white quill and a narrow white grosgrain band. Or somewhat to point the color scheme, the hat may gaily accent the plaid with a small red quill and red band if the frock buttons and belt match in hue. Sizes—14 to 20, with $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material needed for size 16. The contrasting collar takes $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39-inch white piqué or linen or lawn. You may have elbow length cuffs, if you like.

876 and 881—Here is an international ensemble for spring—of soft lacy wool Scotch tweed. Whether in green or rose or blue it's both practical and good style. White piqué at the neckline gives the much-desired lingerie touch. The square-heeled Oxfords and heavily stitched pigskin gloves are English while the low-crowned, broad-brimmed sailor with its saucy plaid bow is very French. Patterns come in sizes 14 to 20. The frock (876) in size 16 demands 3 yards of 39-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch for the contrasting collar tips and cuffs; the coat, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch lining.

2940—Tub silk prints are satisfactory from many points of view: inexpensive, durable and, with a good pattern, simple to make. This charming print shows blue cornflowers against a lighter blue ground. A yoked skirt front and back, short puff-sleeves, a narrow black leather belt with monogram

buckle and a soft, fichu-like neckline of self material buttoned down with three pearl buttons—that is the formula. But the skirt flares becomingly and suits any type. The black felt pull-on hat has the omnipresent beret crown. Size 16 takes $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. Sizes from 14 to 20.

836—Every girl seems to prefer a suit for fair spring weather. This one is simple to make and is as smart as can be in shepherd's plaid wool check. Another good point in *chic* is brought out in the wearing of an Ascot scarf with this dependable town suit. Remember an Ascot shows only to advantage when worn as an adornment to well-cut, unbound lapels, rarely otherwise. With this trim-fitted hip length coat, collarless in the back, it is in excellent taste. The hat is the tipped-over-one-eye straw or felt sailor that everyone likes so much just now. Size 16 takes $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch lining. Sizes from 14 to 20.

448—In black taffeta with white taffeta blouse this jumper frock cut on the simplest possible lines becomes the picture-dress one wears to tea, to informal dinners, to school entertainments, to church or to have one's likeness taken for the family archives. It's so demure. Or if made up in serge it is a very useful school frock by a shift of guimpe—in organdie, piqué, tub silk or lawn. Its miniature adaptation of the bishop's collar bears a flattering one-inch frill of self material. Size 16 uses $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material for the jumper, 2 yards of 39-inch for the blouse. Patterns are 14 to 20.

Illustrations by
Katherine
Shane
Bushnell



Patterns are 15 cents each, the American Girl Pattern Book 25 cents, coins or stamps. American Girl Patterns, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Adventure in Tunisia



(Continued from page 14)

soft sand. To walk in these streets is like walking in a white maze, a puzzle in a dream. Only the mosque tower, from which the *muezzin* calls the invocation to prayer five times a day, juts up above the flat white roofs.

The caravan consisted of three brown bundles with plumb bare feet, two donkeys loaded with bedding and cooking pans and food, and a little boy. It went out the women's gate through the wall of the village, and trundled off up the country road. It passed the ring of French villas which surrounds the village but hardly touches its life, and came into the olive orchards, each with its low wall of cactus hedge.

Mohammed's orchard lay well off the road in a secluded place in a little valley about five miles out. He had dug a well there, and put up a little one-room house of mud and stones where the women slept. The olive trees were old and gnarled and gray, and their branches sighed softly in the wind. Under them the ground was quite bare and a deep red in color—the color of the red earth from which the Lord made Adam.

Here they unpacked the panniers and tethered the donkeys. Then they took from the little house large squares of canvas and long ladders. They spread the canvas under the trees and little Djuma climbed up into the gray rustling world of the olives and shook the branches so that the ripe black fruit fell like hailstones, with a pattering sound. The women sorted them below, picking out the bad ones, and putting the good ones into baskets; or they climbed laughing up the ladders and picked by hand. They did not work very fast, for the longer the work took the longer could they stay.

Kadijah and Chedlia gossiped all the while like two sparrows. They had the whole affair of Chedlia's approaching marriage to talk over. It would make a change in their seeing of one another, for Chedlia was to live at the far side of the village and they would see one another only rarely. They did not like to think of this, but in the meanwhile they were both excited and happy.

In the late afternoon every day Mohammed came out for a few minutes, to carry back the olives which had been picked that day and to make sure that his women were not in trouble or mischief of any sort. He walked there very straight, with his eyes front, so that he might not accidentally see any other man's women who might be picking olives in other orchards along the road.

For two days nothing happened to dis-

turb the peace of this lovely spot, or the smoothness of the Mediterranean which lay at the end of the valley like a great blue world of its own. One of the donkeys, to be sure, kicked a raw place in his leg and Kadijah tied it up, as she tended all wounds. But the sun shone, and everyone was happy.

But on the third afternoon something did happen with a vengeance.

Kadijah happened at the moment to be sorting olives alone under the farthest tree, the one farther up the beaten path toward home. Suddenly, glancing up the path, she saw something approaching, something low and brown which seemed to be dragging itself painfully along. For a moment she could not imagine what it was. Then she saw with a start of horror that it was the figure of a man, a foreign man in khaki, and that something must be seriously the matter with him.

She sprang to her feet and called quickly to the others.

"A Roumi!" she cried. "A foreigner, and wounded. Come, we must help him!"

She ran swiftly along the path and after a moment she recognized the man. It was young Monsieur Duchene, the brother of her French friends, and he was dressed for motorcycle riding.

When she came up with him he stopped his painful course, looked appealingly at her and lay still. Kadijah gave a little gasp of horror, for a long trail of blood lay behind him on the beaten earth and she saw that one of his legs was bleeding profusely. She knelt beside him to look at the wound. Then she rose to her feet and shouted an order to the others, who were following her at a run. Chedlia obediently turned and ran back to the little house, returning presently with a knife and some light rope.

In the meanwhile Kadijah and her mother had turned the young Frenchman, who was by now unconscious from pain and loss of blood, on to his back and the girl looked more closely at the wound. It was a great gash in the leg, just above the knee, and it must have severed an artery for the blood came in spurts.

Then with swift hands she did what any well trained Girl Scout would have known enough to do, but what not one Arab woman in many hundreds would have understood. She cut away the clothes from the wound, baring the flesh above it. Then, wrapping the rope in the scarf she wore about her wrist so that it would not cut the flesh too severely, she made a tourniquet above the wound, and tightened it with a stick. The quick flow of blood slackened.

Then Kadijah bound up the wound with the clean bandages she always took with her in case of accident. When it was done they brought one of the squares of canvas and moved the young man carefully until he lay on this, protected from the ground.

After that seemed a long time the Frenchman opened his eyes, and slowly a look of consciousness came to them. He smiled gratefully and closed his eyes again. But after a moment he opened them a second time quickly and spoke in French.

"Quick!" he said. "An Arab, Mohammed el Halui, lying unconscious down the path! I was riding on my motorcycle and I came suddenly around a bend in the

cactus hedge and ran full tilt into him. I fell, cutting myself on the machine, but he was knocked unconscious. Perhaps he is dead. Help him if you can!" Then the eyes closed again and he seemed to sleep.

Mohammed el Halui, her father! Unconscious! Kadijah's heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stop in her breast. Her mother and Chedlia, who knew no French, were clamoring for a translation, and she gave it to them. Instantly her mother burst into a wild wailing, sobbing and moaning and tearing her hair. The sound seemed unaccountably to steady the girl.

"Stay with the Roumi!" she said crisply to Chedlia, and she dashed off down the path, her mother wailing behind her. The trail of blood went before them.

About a quarter of a mile away they came to a crossing of two paths. It was as Monsieur Duchene had said. There, half buried in the cactus, lay a motorcycle, and a few feet away her father lay on his back, one arm flung up, struck down as he had been coming to see them. The girl knelt and examined him, but there was no external wound. He lay as though asleep and he was breathing heavily. Her own heart was beating so with terror that it nearly stifled her, and her mother's wailing rose to a shriek in her ears, but she kept her head.

"Be quiet, mother!" ordered the girl sternly. There was a new sound in her voice that commanded obedience.

"I must go for the *tubeeb*, the foreign doctor in the village," she said, "but first let us take him back to the orchard. Gently, lift him gently! We must not hurt him."

It was a hard task for the two women and little Djuma to half-carry, half-drag Mohammed the quarter of a mile, but they accomplished it, and presently he lay beside the young Frenchman.

Then Kadijah gave orders to her mother and Chedlia what they should do to try to bring him 'round, to bathe his face with cold water and to place a small piece of the sharp red pepper in his mouth. The young Frenchman was conscious again and she told him she was going for the doctor, and that they must loosen the tourniquet if she was too long in returning so that the circulation would not fail entirely.

Quickly then Kadijah wound herself into her *batanya*, untethered the donkey and mounted him. She sat sideways in the saddle cloth and thumped with her feet on his tough sides, calling out a loud chirping "Errrrrbay!" to spur him on. She had not ridden so since she had been shut up, but she still felt perfectly at home.

The way back seemed endless to the girl. Her wishes flew so far ahead of the donkey's lagging feet! And her heart was beating heavily, with great slow thumps that shook her as she sat. On the way by good luck she met a cousin, a young man named Amor, and sent him to try to help her father.

She reached at last the villa of the doctor, a good-hearted, grizzled Frenchman who summered in Hammamet and was untiring in his care of the Arabs. Kadijah knew him, for she had often met him in the homes of the sick.

"Oh, *tubeeb*," she gasped out, "come quickly, quickly! A terrible thing has happened!" And she told him the story as well

as she could for shortness of breath and the trembling which had come over her with the relief of finding the doctor. Before she had finished he had snatched up his bag and supplies and was running down the path toward his garage. He brought out his little Citroën car.

"Hop in!" he ordered her curtly.

It seemed to the girl that they flew to the spot on the road nearest the orchard. Afterward in thinking of it she had only a hazy impression of objects scudding past them as in a dream. Then the car stopped, at her direction, and they got out and hurried across the bare red ground toward Mohammed's orchard.

When they arrived the young Frenchman seemed to be stronger. He smiled at Kadijah and spoke to the doctor as the latter was examining him. Suddenly the physician looked up.

"Who put this on?" he asked in the gruff voice that covered his life of service, pointing to the tourniquet.

"I did," said Kadijah, quaking with a sudden terror. "Did—I do wrong?"

"Saved his life!" snapped the doctor, and went back to his examination.

In a moment he turned to Mohammed, who still lay unconscious, breathing laboriously. Quickly and skillfully he made a first examination. Then he shook his head. "Not good!" he said. "Internal injuries. Must get him down to the village at once."

At the word Kadijah's mother and Chedlia burst again into the shrill wailing and sobbing that is so hard to listen to. The doctor looked up quickly. He saw the two hysterical women, and he saw also that Kadijah was not wailing, but was standing quietly, though her face was pale.

"Here," he said to her, "lend a hand with him. And you are to ride back with me to the village. You, too!" turning to Kadijah's cousin Amor. "As for you," to the women, "trot home as fast as you can."

They got the two wounded men somehow into the automobile and again the "iron-wagon" flew over the ground. Kadijah sat, feeling that something inside her which was usually solid had unaccountably turned to water.

At last they arrived at the doctor's house and the two men were lifted into his office, where he had a very simple operating table. There was no hospital nearer than Tunis, four hours away on the railroad.

He tended first to Monsieur Duchene. Aside from the loss of blood the wound was not too serious and, when he had fixed him up, the doctor sent the young man home in the car in charge of his Arab servant.

Then he turned back to Mohammed, and his face grew grave.

"The devil of it is," he said in French and Kadijah, waiting quietly beside the still form of her father, thought that he was talking aloud to himself and not to her, "the devil of it is that my wife is away today! I don't get an emergency operation like this twice a year, and just today she has gone to Tunis! But I must operate. There's no doubt of it. And yet I have no one whom I can trust to help me. Probably Madame Marquis is the best, but she nearly fainted last time. *Peste!* what a nuisance." And he stood pulling his grizzled beard and glowering at fate.

Suddenly Kadijah stepped forward and plucked at his sleeve. She was so frightened that her mouth was dry and her knees

shook. But her young voice was firm enough.

"I will help you," she said. "He is my father and I should help you."

The doctor started in surprise and looked down at her.

"Nonsense!" he said automatically. "This is nothing for a youngster like you." But she saw a questioning look come into his eyes and his voice grew hesitant.

"Still, after all—" he said after a moment, "it was a good job, that tourniquet. Where did you learn to do that?"

"My aunt told me once that a doctor put such a thing on a man's arm," answered the girl. "I remembered it."

"And you never saw it yourself?" asked the doctor incredulously.

"Oh, no, I never even heard the name you called it by."

"All right, I'll risk it!" said the *tubeeb*.

So it came about that Kadijah assisted at a major operation performed by the French doctor, a thing more astonishing to the village than anything she had yet done. Yet somehow this time no eyebrows were raised. And when word came that the *tubeeb* intended to train her properly so that her instinct would be aided by knowledge, even then nobody complained.

"The child is a healer!" said the old women one to another. "We need her."

Two weeks later Mohammed was lying on his own bed at home, watching Kadijah who was rolling *cons-cons* in the courtyard.

"Come here, child!" he called presently.

Kadijah came at once. "Feeling better?"

"I'll be fit as a new carrot in a few days,"

answered her father, "thanks to you and the *tubeeb*." There was silence for a moment and then Mohammed said, "I knew I was right to let you learn French, and learn to meet people and situations! Everybody in the village said I was wrong, but I was right. And now you have saved my life, and Monsieur Duchene's, too! I am proud of you, as proud as if you were a son. The next time I go to Tunis I will bring you the most beautiful bracelet I can find."

Kadijah beamed with happiness. No Arab could give higher praise than that. But she sighed and hung her head.

"But," she said so softly that her voice was almost a whisper, "but if in the village they think I do things a woman should not do, then who will marry me? And what good is anything if nobody marries me?"

Mohammed laughed suddenly, a ringing laugh of pride and pleasure.

"Little silly one!" he scoffed, "who said nobody will marry you? Listen to me. My brother told me that at the café the other day everyone was talking about what you had done, and speaking well of you, you understand. And suddenly Ahmed, the rich owner of the new olive press, spoke up loudly, for all to hear, and he said: 'That must be a fine girl! I should like to have such a girl in my household.' That's what he said. They all heard him. You know he has a son, a fine young man and handsome. I wouldn't be surprised if the boy's mother came to call on us some day soon and—"

He stopped then because Kadijah wasn't listening any more. With burning cheeks she had run away from him, back to her work. But he noticed that she was so full of confusion that she had forgotten the *cons-cons* and now she sat before her embroidery frame, making the needle fly over her golden wedding dress, in sweet content.

Mohammed laughed softly to himself.

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The Blessing in Disguise

(Continued from page 22)

from behind, undid her obi-sash and bound her arms to her sides. He was terrifyingly strong and muttered, "Do not make a sound or I will kill you and your mother as well. I have a knife."

Kiku-san could see the glitter of its cold steel and, afraid lest her mother should come out, kept perfectly silent.

"You shall lie safely in your tea house while I go on to the temple, a worthy old pilgrim still. May the weather on the honorable mountain be fair." He chuckled as he stuffed a dirty rag into her mouth. Then, placing her on the floor near the wall, he extinguished the floor lanterns and went out.

Kiku-san struggled vainly for what seemed a long time, while her mother continued to sleep heavily, apparently under the effect of the pink pills. At last the girl heard the sound of an automobile horn and heavy footsteps outside on the porch. She recognized the sound of foreign shoes and voices speaking English. She could understand only a word here and there, and she couldn't see the four young Americans who were standing on the little porch.

"I tell you it is a tea house," one of them was saying. "Jim and I stopped here yesterday and had delicious rice cakes."

They knocked heartily, and how Kiku-san did wish she could call to them to come in. It would be dreadful if they went away.

"There's nobody here, Alice."

"Yes, I think there is. I see a light in the back room."

"These paper windows certainly aren't made to see through."

"Oh, come on, let's go away. We're wasting time."

"I'm frozen, I tell you, Betty, and I want a cup of tea. That's the main reason we came up from the inn. Look here, the door is unlocked. Let's take a peep inside."

"It isn't manners, Alice. Oh, well, never mind, we're only tourists. Look, there's a fire in the brazier. What's that big thing on the floor? It's moving! Let's go!"

Indeed it was moving, for when the door was opened, Kiku-san began to struggle harder than ever.

"I dare you to go and see what it is, Paul," said the other boy.

"All right. I won't take a dare."

An American boy in his foreign shoes strode across the room and peered down cautiously at Kiku-san. "Gosh! It's a girl and she's tied. There's been dirty work here. Bring some light, somebody."

Presently the little room was filled with light and action and Kiku-san, much disheveled but assuring them she was unhurt, was leaning over the brazier with the four Americans, telling them through their Japanese chauffeur what had happened.

"Look here, I have an idea," said the boy named Paul. "Let's take her in the automobile and see if we can catch the thief. We saw a bunch of pilgrims headed up to that temple on the hill where they are having some kind of fair."

"Do you think he will really go there?" asked Kiku-san through the interpreter.

"Sure, I think so. A pilgrim headed anywhere else tonight would look pretty phony, wouldn't he? Come along, and if we see any stray pilgrims we'll look them over. If we find him he'll be sorry."

"But we ought to fix up Kiku-san so he won't recognize her and we ought to get a policeman or something," said the girl named Betty.

Kiku-san agreed, but said that first she must get a neighbor to stay with her mother while she was gone and, wrapping up her head and slipping on her sandals, she ran out the door.

"It sounds like a wild goose chase to me," said Alice. "I for one don't want to go out in the cold on any such expedition. Suppose you and Betty go with the Japanese girl? She may use my coat and hat for a disguise and Joe and I will wait here."

"All right," agreed Betty. "And here comes Kiku-san and her neighbor now."

It was hard to make Kiku-san look anything but Japanese even in Alice's coat and hat, pulled tightly on to her long thick hair. The visitors felt like laughing when they saw how the coat sleeves hung away down over her hands, but Kiku-san didn't know she looked funny. She felt rather fine with the fur collar turned up around her ears and the red felt hat.

Only a few snowflakes were falling when they climbed into the automobile. Paul slammed the door and shouted to the chauffeur, "Hurry to the police station, Hiyo. We'd better have the law with us."

The Chief of Police was a dignified little man and Kiku-san bowed low and hissed a little through her teeth as a sign of respect, while she explained her errand.

"I have heard many times lately of this thief," said the officer. "Sometimes he goes in one disguise, sometimes in another. I think you cannot succeed to catch him, but there is for the catching a reward of money and I will send one policeman with you."

He gave rapid orders in Japanese which resulted in Hiyo's going into another room with a policeman who presently returned wearing the chauffeur's uniform.

"This man can drive your car and take you the quickest way to the temple," explained the chief to Paul.

It was twilight, and Kiku-san watching the trees rush by felt as though they might trip and fall on the car. With fascination she watched the headlights shining on the snowy trees and on the road ahead. It was as though they were whirling through a

mysterious country made of white marble. When they had gone some distance, the headlights suddenly went out and the road was dark except for the luminous shine of the snow. The driver slowed down and said, "Something come wrong, but can already see lights of temple."

He drove slowly a few hundred yards, then parked the car. "Must repair lights now," he said firmly.

"Oh, heck!" cried Paul disgustedly, "that pilgrim will have time to get to Mount Fuji before we catch him."

"If you like, can go up to temple and have look-see," said the policeman, who was already bending over the hood. "I make lights, then come also."

"All right. Are you game, girls?" asked Paul, jumping out of the car.

"Of course, we wouldn't wait here for anything," answered Betty decidedly. "Isn't it pretty and exciting? Come along, Kiku-san."

A tall red *torii* shaped like a gigantic Japanese character formed a gateway and hundreds of lanterns were softly glowing in the winter twilight. Behind the *torii* rose a flight of steep stone steps looking so high and mysterious that if Kiku-san had never seen the temple in the daytime, she would have imagined that it led away up into the sky. People were ascending and descending the steps and ragged beggars huddled in the snow along the sides.

"Will you look, Paul!" cried Betty. "There's a movie show at the foot of the temple steps! I wish we might go inside."

Kiku-san, too, was inclined to linger, looking back over her shoulder at the glowing tent with its flaring posters and crowds of gay people thronging the entrance.

But Paul was intent upon the chase. "Come along, girls," he cried. "I suppose we'd better climb up and look around the real temple for the pilgrims."

He led them panting up the steps. "Keep your eyes to the left, Betty, and I'll look along the right. Kiku-san, you see pilgrim with beard tell me heap quick, *sabe?*"

Kiku-san didn't understand his words, but she nodded and looked anxiously around.

But even at the top of the steps they were not in a true religious atmosphere; so there was still the temptation to look at the gay sights. Geisha dancers whirled gracefully upon a raised platform amid the sound of flutes and drums. In a temple hall, hung with the five Shinto colors and thronged with priests in green and white vestments, and many other onlookers, *ju-jitsu* wrestlers were contending on the mats on one side. On the other were fencers with bamboo swords and masks, who shouted inhumanly to intimidate or throw one another off guard.

It seemed almost hopeless to find any one person in such a crowd and Kiku-san was trembling with excitement and anxiety. Suddenly she saw a group of pilgrims moving slowly toward the shrine, pausing where the temple water was dripping to wash their hands and take a drink in order that their bodies and souls might be cleansed.

From the open doors of the temple lights shone and the smell of incense was wafted toward them. The worshippers had left their shoes outside, rows and rows in such numbers that Paul and Betty wondered how anyone could possibly find his own pair.



"There pilgrim now," suddenly whispered Kiku-san excitedly, pinching Paul's arm and pointing to where the thief stood stroking his false whiskers, peering about with his bright sly eyes as he begged for alms.

Paul took a large and tempting handful of money and advanced upon the unsuspecting rascal, who snatched it eagerly and started to hasten away.

"Here, hold on a minute!" commanded the boy, catching him by the arm, and at that moment the man recognized Kiku-san in spite of her foreign clothing.

He jerked free his arm and started to run, but slipped. He and Paul went down in a heap among the wooden shoes, kicking and rolling here and there. Every time either of them tried to rise there were more Japanese shoes turning and twisting under their feet until it seemed to Paul exactly like a strange nightmare. More people were gathering all the time to see what was going on, or to try to retrieve their own shoes. Betty stood wringing her hands, afraid that in a moment they might be mobbed. What an awful to-do in a temple courtyard.

Kiku-san, too, was horrified but made up her mind to do her bit. So she ran as fast as she could for the flight of stairs which led down to the automobile and the policeman, met that arm of the law already halfway up, and quickly led him to the scene of action. After fifteen minutes of excitement, they were safely in the automobile while Paul held the policeman's gun buried amidst the false whiskers of the bogus pilgrim. They had skidded to the back of his neck. His arms were bound, but his strange wild eyes glared fiercely at poor Kiku-san. At the police station matters were explained to the chief, and the policeman exchanged for the chauffeur.

Kiku-san felt dazed and bewildered. It was not until they were once more home in the tea house that she had time to reproach herself with the thought that she hadn't bought a single prayer nor a stick of incense for her mother although she had been right up to the temple.

She took off Alice's hat and long coat and, bowing her thanks, started toward her mother's room, but Paul stopped her by thrusting a fat roll of bills into her hand. Kiku-san looked her astonishment and the chauffeur translated.

"He say this is reward police give for catching the thief. He say he not want money. That man *your* thief," explained Hiyo, shrugging his shoulders.

Paul grinned and said to his friends, "Just look, see what I have for souvenirs!" And Kiku-san was astonished to recognize the thief's pilgrim hat and his false whiskers and wondered if Paul could possibly consider using them himself.

Then she noticed that the little doors of the ancestral shrine were standing open as though in a house of happiness and, running around behind the screen, she saw her mother sitting on a cushion drinking tea.

"See how much better I am, Kiku. The medicine and our neighbor's good care, and the prayers which you went to the temple to burn have all nearly cured me."

"Our neighbor didn't want you to worry," Kiku-san laughed and then bowing explained what she had really been doing at the temple. "But the man brought you a blessing after all, just as he said he would."

Kiku-san held out her hands in which was money enough to buy them many comforts.

"MY, YOUR SKIN LOOKS
LOVELY THESE DAYS.
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN
DOING FOR IT?"

"I FOUND OUT
WHAT WAS MAKING
IT SALLOW—YOU'D
BE SURPRISED!"



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(Continued from page 15)

girlhood was passed as a Virginia belle, riding to hounds and dancing. Her marriage in 1906 to William Waldorf Astor (he was not Lord Astor then) took her among the aristocracy of England. What could she want that she did not already have? Yet something was lacking—and she went after it with characteristic vigor.

As a young girl she had not failed to notice that in her own commonwealth of Virginia there were people who never rode nor danced, but always walked and limped. Particularly, that there were too many tired women and hopeless children. With her removal to England, she discovered that there was a still wider gulf between the carefree, luxurious class (to which she herself belonged) and the way-down-under stratum of humanity whom long, hopeless servitude had made too dumb to understand the misery in which they lived. Being a born reformer, she felt something must be done about it. The thing that she decided to do startled the whole British Empire.

At the time of her marriage her husband was a member of the House of Commons, representing a constituency which includes the seaport towns of Plymouth and Portsmouth. It is not unusual for a British woman to work for her husband's election and while Nancy Astor was rearing her lively brood of six children she had often stumped for her husband. She had roamed down alleys and on thoroughfares talking over problems with mothers, providing nursing and medical care for their sick, making herself known and loved among them. Now, with her husband's elevation to the peerage—which placed him in the House of Lords—came the very opportunity she wanted, to stand for Parliament herself from this district.

No one, not even Lord Astor, believed she had a chance for election. It was her own sublime confidence in herself that carried her to success. This and her talks with sailormen, their overworked mothers and wives, her famous wit and deadly riposte in debate and her soapbox speeches.

Once a heckler from the crowd shouted, "My son is as good as yours!"

Lady Astor paused in her speech. "I have five sons," she said. "Which one do you mean? One of them gives me lots of trouble. I hope your boy is better than he is."

Many men in the parties did not understand her at all. Her opponents emphasized the impertinence of a woman who would even want a seat in Parliament. They spoke of how ignoble and humiliating it would be to the Kingdom if the first woman to sit there were American born.

Others looked upon her as a posing aristocratic upstart. But she was merely a bright, sympathetic, impulsive young woman who believed that, as things stood, the women and children of England were not having a good break. "And every good egg deserves a break." Even the aristocrats roared with laughter when she said this.

But the good housewives of the seaport towns persuaded their men to lay off Lady Nancy. Thus one morning in 1919 the British Empire was electrified—nothing less—to read in their conservative headlines that Nancy Langhorne Astor would take her place in the chilly halls of Westminster hitherto reserved for men only.

Her reception by that august body was anything but cordial. The day she was introduced to the House of Commons by Lord Asquith and Lloyd George there was no applause. Members remained seated. A few kept their silk topplers on. It may not have been intended as an individual affront, but she felt the hostile atmosphere. A few minutes after her installation, she fled to the private chamber provided for her and there, just to prove she was only human, had a good old-fashioned cry.

"Outwardly, the members were courteous enough," she said, "but the mental opposition was terrible. I would never have undertaken it if I had known what it would be like. I suppose it was like the Pilgrim Fathers, who would never have come to America if they had known what it would mean."

Today there are several women in the House of Commons but not one of them received the chilly welcome given Lady Astor, for she had broken the ice.

Behind Lady Astor's decisive actions and witty remarks glitters a vital and colorful personality. To her life is a great adventure, from which the maximum of legitimate enjoyment and useful activity must be extracted. Although she might, if she chose, live a life of ease, she is one of the hardest working women in the world—as well as one of the most sought after.

In the roomy London house at 4 St. James Square, where she is hostess to the great of all nations in politics, professions and the arts, she finds time for her children, her domestic duties and her work. Social life comes last. On the second floor, just off her boudoir, is her office, run by a busy staff of secretaries and assistants. In a part of a morning she dictates enough letters to keep three stenographers taking them in succession. Then after lunch she goes to Parliament for the day's work and often the night's.

A few years ago the American artist, Walter Tittle, was given a commission to paint her portrait. Arrived in London, she insisted she had no time to give him, but he might start, if he liked, to sketch while she worked.

"To catch her with a pencil was like shooting snipe," he said. "She remained in the same position only a few seconds. 'I dare you to get me', she would call out and mimic my frantic efforts. Pervading everything she does is gaiety and light banter."

Artists clamor to paint Lady Astor, for she has those definite marks of beauty which cling to a woman all her life—the delicate oval of her face, the graceful line of her soft, wavy hair, her wide-set, smiling eyes, her radiant expression. She is always the most vivid woman in the room. English mists have been kind to her. Her love for outdoor sports has kept her figure lithe and

trim. Her appearance is as youthful as her spirit. Only her record in the English *Who's Who* makes it possible to believe that this extraordinarily vital person has passed the half-century mark.

She insists that she comes to America to rest. She really comes here to be lionized. In this country she is at home, among friends, and she knows it and simply revels in it. In her lives the American spirit, which is something geography can't change. And not only the spirit, but the rich huskiness of her voice with its distinctively southern affection for flat vowels and its almost total disregard of final g's.

"It's always thrillin' to return to America," she says. "I never escape—I don't want to escape—the spark of emotion one can only feel by comin' back to one's native land. That sounds like poetry. It is."

In mid-December your reporter attended a luncheon of the Consumer's League at which Lady Astor was honor guest. When the latter was asked to say "just a word or two", she gave an impulsive little squeal, which made everyone laugh, as she knew it would, in mock protest against speaking. The theme of the luncheon talks was her favorite one—protection for the laborer, and particularly for the woman laborer who is the great victim of this world-wide depression.

"The other night," said Lady Astor, "I heard one of your political leaders tell how this country must keep up its tariff walls to protect American labor against the sweat-in' masses of Europe. As I listened, I sez to myself, sez I, I wonder if there isn't a little sweatin' on this side of the Atlantic, too."

Lady Astor rarely comes home for a visit without bringing at least one of her children. On this last trip she brought her second son. In 1926 she brought four—the younger members of her brood, and among them, Phyllis, a young girl of twelve but already as tall as her mother, dressed in the plainest of English frocks with hair combed back from her forehead, Alice-in-Wonderland fashion.

Lady Astor is very proud of her children and admits she often fishes for compliments for them. Now she asked one of her friends what she thought of the only Astor daughter.

"Perfectly lovely!" was the frank reply. "Yes, isn't she!" said the mother, just as frankly. "But I don't want her to realize it. That's why I dress her so plainly."

Today Phyllis is nearing twenty and a bow before the Queen.

The summer of 1926, Lady Astor and her children passed at the seaside home of her sister, Mrs. Gibson, in Maine. Almost any fair day that summer one might hear a boy's voice ring out, "Come on, Mom, go swimming with us!"

He was speaking to Lady Astor.



Meissen Porcelain

(Continued from page 19)

Meissen manufactory was Kändler. It was he who first made the flowers and wreaths for which this porcelain is famous—*indische Blumen* they were called because they imitated the flowers of some of the porcelain that was sent back from the East on sailing ships, and China, Japan—all the East was vaguely classed as "India" by eighteenth century Europeans.

Kändler, like Watteau in France, was also fascinated by the figures from the Italian *Comedia dell' Arte*—Harlequin, Pierrot, Columbine, and Pantaloon. He modeled a whole series, too, from the set of drawings by Huet that is called *Les Cris de Paris*, which is one of the best documents we have for the costumes and customs of these times. The set of twenty figures which is known as *The Monkey Musicians* is very characteristic of Kändler's day, for eighteenth century decorative artists, perhaps under the influence of Chinese painting, delighted in drawing and modeling monkeys and exploiting their grace and humor and elusiveness. Kändler's *Monkey Musicians* in Meissen porcelain, and Huet's monkey ceiling at Compiègne are famous examples in Germany and France of this fondness for enriching the artist's natural fantasies with the wit and foreign glamour of "apes".

The modelers at the porcelain factories had also endless material in the life of the courts—cavaliers and ladies, jesters and black turbaned pages, pompous ministers and all the most powerful potentates. To this company they could also add the people in the street, and peasants, gardeners, soldiers and beggars, all so real, because of the accuracy of the modeling, and still so fantastic because of the frail, smooth, brilliantly colored medium in which they were reproduced.

Then, too, there was the special theatre of the day, with its magnificent spectacles and ballets. For instance, in 1764 there was presented at the Dresden opera by Duke Carl of Wurtemberg a ballet called *The Fountain of Neptune*, which gives a good idea of what kings and princes considered an evening's entertainment in those days. One critic describes it as follows:

"Suddenly the Palace of Neptune was seen rising from the waves, amazingly large and magnificent. The god was drawn in his shell chariot by sea monsters. He stood leaning on his famous trident, surrounded by his court which was made up of various sea gods, mermen and sirens, and which gave an effect of pompous splendour."

Out of such "pompous splendour" came many a charming porcelain figure, which was purified of its pompousness by the potter's fire, but which kept always its porcelain quality of fragile splendor.

Those of you who live in cities as well as those of you who sometimes visit them might enjoy a call upon the city's art museum. So precious is this original Meissen porcelain that almost all museums of consequence in our country have a shelf or two of this delicate ware. It is a pleasure to the eye to see its exquisitely modeled, gracefully posed miniature world—a world that seems content to dance the hours through to the sound of sweet pipes and mellow tabors. The glaze is so evenly put on that the colors hold a radiance that never seems to fade, no matter how dull the day.



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Dot was always missing good times until..

IT NEVER failed! Stubborn, nasty colds were forever spoiling her fun. Like a jinx... No sooner did an "occasion" arrive—but Dot was almost sure to be sniffing and red-nosed.

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The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 25)

Lindbergh, but of course he flatters himself."

"Oh, I know *that* fellow!" Ran exclaimed. "Gerry Forsythe, his name is. We got talking one day in the news shop about autogiros; his uncle owns one. I suppose it's the same man who manufactures archery sets. Why, I think he's a swell guy. He went to college for two years, but somehow or other he wants to be an artist so he left and is earning the money with this sign business to go to art school. I didn't know he was the one you've been raving against."

Pan listened with a rebellious look on her face.

"He's even worse than I thought," she exclaimed, "if he has an uncle who owns an autogiro, and here he goes messing about 'tending gas pumps and getting people embarrassed about the change. Not to mention making fun of signs. I simply loathe him!"

"Well, but look here—" began Ran, to the empty air. Pan had left the room in a rage.

"Girls certainly are queer!" he observed to himself. "Sometimes they put up with anything and other times they explode like—like nitroglycerine and guncotton!"

Next day Avis telephoned to learn if Pan knew anything more about the strange effect of the previous evening.

"Mother insists it was only the bats and contract which made her leave so hurriedly, but I swear my hair felt just as if it was being wound for a permanent wave. I hope this doesn't hurt your inn! It hasn't with me, anyhow, for I wanted to ask if Judy and I could come out and have lunch day after tomorrow. Might we have broiled chicken and waffles? You're sure that would be all right?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Thank you." Avis rang off.

William, stating on general principles that Jud was crazy—for he had heard only the message the latter had left with Pan, and was not aware what had caused it—finished the work on the grounds himself the next day. He was helped by the sign painter, who came up in the late afternoon. Together they moved the large gravestone and the two little ones to a secluded spot back of the woodshed, where they were put face down. It was not long after this that the sign painter appeared.

"I beg your pardon for bothering you," he said to Pan very formally, "but I wanted to ask if you had any calcium sulphide around the place."

"I don't think so. I don't know what it is," replied Pan, frigidly polite as she put a table in order.

"You can tell it because it smells like rotten eggs. Ouch!" Forsythe winced. The sharp prow of an airplane had struck him on his sunburned neck.

"Here, don't hurt that!" said Ran from above. "It's my best model. I didn't mean to hit you. I've got no place to test them now the graveyard is all cluttered up."

"I'm only looking at it. It is a good model. Never saw one made just like that. How do you do it?"

"Do you really want to know? Come up to my shop. I'd be awfully glad to show you."

The two disappeared. Pan felt non-ex-

istent. The sign painter had not even paused to make perfectly sure she had none of the calcium sulphide which smelled like ancient eggs! This unattractive substance and she were alike relegated to oblivion. What in the world had he wanted it for, anyway? But she certainly would not ask him. The sign painter left the house fifteen minutes later without speaking to her again.

Mrs. Peters soon found another cause for complaint.

"The antiques are scarcely moving!" She looked at Pan reproachfully. "As William says, selling them takes pep. You can't expect to get rid of them without you got that, and plenty of it!"

Pan did not answer. But the very next day something happened which made Mrs. Peters feel that her lecture had borne fruit.

The woman in a polka-dotted silk with a skirt too short in the back, who got out of a small car and ordered a tomato juice cocktail, waffles and ice cream for her lunch, did not seem the kind of person who would be a heavy buyer. Of course it was hidden from Pan that after years of living with golden oak furniture she had recently received an unexpected legacy of a thousand dollars and was starting out on an antique hunting tour. Her pleasurable excitement was only marred by regrets for so many years wasted, and by an almost morbid fear that the city antique dealers had deprived her of the thrill of the chase.

Waffle Inn, happened on during the first day of her tour, with its obviously genuine antique appearance, thrilled her from the top of her unbecomingly bobbed head to her bulging shoes. But having one of those round faces that look the same under all circumstances, she did not betray her emotion as she inquired of Pan if that chest over there in the corner was really very old.

"Yes, over two hundred years. You can see the worm holes in it. It belonged to the

Van Rensselaers," Pan assured her—it was what Mrs. Peters had told her. The housekeeper seemed to have down pat the history of all the best pieces.

"How much?"

"One hundred dollars," said Pan.

"You're sure it belonged to the Van Rensselaers?"

"Yes, indeed. You see, the person who keeps this place got it from her brother-in-law, who knew them personally."

Just then two more customers entered—Judy and Avis.

"I see you have your antiques," the former greeted Pan, as she took their lunch order. "Isn't it queer, Avis, I was just telling you I wished mother would buy me an old chest for my birthday, and there's one!"

The woman in dotted silk put down her coffee cup and stared.

"I've been yearning for an old chest," went on Judy. "How much is it?"

Pan told her.

"I don't think that's so much," Judy informed Avis. "Not for a really old one. I shall bring mother out to look at it."

The woman in dotted silk beckoned Pan.

"Really, I was here first, as you know," she said, in an agitated tone, "and, as I was about to say when that young lady came in, I've decided to take the chest." She gave Judy a look that indicated, "There, I hope that will hold you!" To clinch the matter, she handed Pan a roll of bills. "Have it sent by express. I'll give you my address."

Pan could hardly believe her luck. Five yellow twenties! One hundred dollars! She rushed to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Peters, I've sold the chest! Here's the money!"

"Well, fancy!" For once Mrs. Peters was awed, even admiring. "How'd you manage it so quickly?" she whispered.

"Those girls from Kingsford whom I know helped. One of them spoke of buying it and that made this other woman decide. Do you mind giving me my commission right away, please? There are so many things I need it for."

"I suppose not." Mrs. Peters spoke grudgingly, but she fetched the money from her bedroom. Pan must be developing pep more rapidly than she had foreseen, if she could induce two sets of customers to compete.

Judy also was astonished.

"You're doing quite a business here, aren't you? I wonder if you haven't changed your mind about selling that blue glass bowl?"

"No, I don't want to sell it any more than I did."

"Not even for five dollars?"

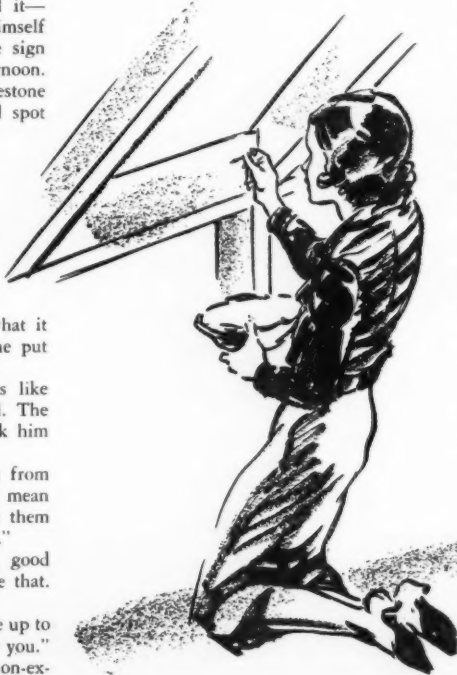
Pan was surprised that Judy should offer so much, but she still shook her head.

"Well, of course, if you really don't want to!" Judy fussed with a spoon. "But may I just see it again?"

"Certainly." The bowl was still in the cupboard. She had been too busy to

take it upstairs. Judy inspected it once more, turning it over and remarking upon a scratch on the bottom.

"If you should decide to sell, you'll



let me know before you do, won't you?" she requested. "I'll leave you my address."

Pan promised. The two girls ate their broiled chicken. With extras, it all came to three dollars. Judy laid the bills by her plate, also a card. Avis murmured something, but she paid no attention. Picking up their plates after they had left, Pan stared at the card—

MISS JULIA COCKBURN
17 CLINTON PLACE
KINGSTON, NEW YORK

Under it was a fifty cent piece.

Where had she seen that name before? Why, it was the girl Aunt Allie had met at Nice, and whom she had picked out to be her niece's best friend and sponsor in Kingsford society. And she had just tipped her! Pan left the coin and the card on the table.

A stout, swarthy man entered the inn soon after, and sat down at a table next the one Julia and Avis had taken. He looked about inquisitively.

"A new place, hey?" he inquired.

"Yes, we've only been going a few weeks," Pan answered.

"Doing a goot bishness?"

"Quite good."

"I see you carry a line of antiques."

Pan acknowledged that they did.

"H'm!" The man's glance roamed around the room, and came to rest on the nearby table. "Glass, too, hey? Where you pick up dat leedle piece?"

"I found it here in the house when we bought it."

"Found it? Is zat so? Any more like it?"

"No, that's the only one."

"Odd pieces are not vort much. Still, I gif you two dollars for it."

"No, as a matter of fact, someone just offered me five. But it's not for sale."

"Fife! My dear goil, he moost have been crazy! Fife for a piece of glass vich I see now is not vort fifty cents!" The man's accent grew more pronounced as he grew more excited. "And you would not sell? But vat do you want for it? Vat are you asking?"

Pan did not care for his manner at all.

"But I told you, I'm not asking anything. I don't wish to sell it. Would you care for something to eat?"

"Yes, bring me cold beef mit potato salad mit coffee." He drummed with his thick fingers on the table as she departed. When she returned, he faced her accusingly.

"I vas looking at your piece and I know vat they t'ot. They t'ot it was Early Sandvich, but it is no more Early Sandvich than I am. Not at all. They haf made a big mistake about it."

"They did not say a word about sandwiches," answered Pan indignantly. "Besides, it would be too small for them, unless they were cut very tiny. I think it's meant for sugar."

The man stared, then smiled.

"My dear goil, Early Sandvich means a kind of glass. It does not mean vat it holds. But dis is only vat I say, joost an odd piece, no date, nuttings. Still, I am an easy feller. Such a nize goil you look, you should keep your stock moving, mek money. I gif you seven dollars for the leedle bowl. I tell you vy, too. My wife say only yesterday she got to haf another blue sugar bowl, hers is broken. So, I take her dis, and she be pleased. Yes?"

"I'm sorry. No. I don't want to sell."

"Ten dollars!" (Continued on page 43)



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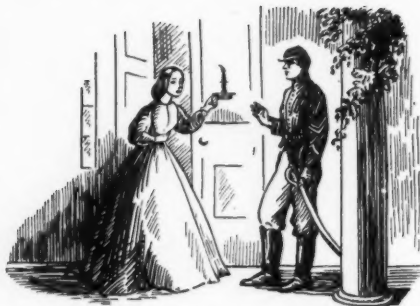


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From "No Surrender," Duffield and Green, New York

March Winds Blow Us Good Books

By SOPHIE GOLDSMITH

ALTHOUGH the Cinderella legend has made sisters in sets of three's rather popular in fiction, yet the presentation of two sisters seems to afford unending interest to authors and audiences alike. There have been countless examples of this in some of the best books for girls of the past year or two. There was tomboy Debby and her luxury-loving sister in Miss Skinner's very fine *Debby Barnes, Trader*; there is the capable and popular Winifred of Marian Hurd McNeely's *Winning Out*, contrasted with her sister Rena, so self-distrustful and shy; there are Emily and Rhoda of *The Young Ravens* by Elsie Singmaster, whose sisterly devotion is sorely tried by the appearance on the scene of a handsome aviator.

Among the books not written especially for girls but likely to be warmly welcomed by them is *Invitation to the Waltz* by Rosamund Lehmann (Henry Holt) in which two sisters, Olivia and Kate, are probingly and cleverly contrasted. Almost the first thought Olivia has, as she awakes on the morning of her birthday, is of the dance to which she and her sister Kate are invited—their first large dance, held at the home of an old school friend. Between Olivia and Kate there exists an intimate understanding. It is Kate who senses Olivia's desire that her first party frock shall be crimson instead of a girlish pink, and who sees to it that her mother's gift is a brilliant crimson silk material. It is Kate who, while outwardly scoffing at the soft-heartedness which leads Olivia to squander the precious birthday money on a lace collar from an ingratiating saleswoman when it should have been spent on an ornament for the party frock, makes good the lack from her own small bank account.

Kate is not troubled by indecisions and sentimentality, but she perfectly understands those qualities in Olivia. And yet it is Kate, too, just a year or two Olivia's senior, who grows far away from her during the one glowing evening at the dance, during which Olivia is still the little girl, unsure of herself and timid in her new surroundings. Girls who have shivered in the dressing room before going down to the ballroom, girls who have felt their pulses leap at the sound of the dance music, and those who have stood apart wistfully listening to its strains—all sorts of girls, it seems to me, will follow with keen understanding Olivia's lovable floundering and Kate's triumphal progress.

Three other new books written and intended for an adult audience, but likely to appeal to the older girls—those from fourteen up—are *Peter Ashley* by Dubose Heyward (Farrar and Rinehart), *Mutiny on the Bounty* by Charles Nordhoff and James

Norman Hall (Little, Brown), and *Four Plays* by A. A. Milne (Putnam). *Peter Ashley*, like several of this winter's outstanding books, builds its theme about the Civil War. Possibly you may remember our review of *The Underground Railway* by Hildegard Hoyt Swift—a stirring record of the work done by Harriet Tubman, the Negro girl who, before the outbreak of the Civil War, led many of her fellow slaves to freedom. This year also produced *No Surrender*, by Emma Gelders Sterne and introduced us to the difficult times following upon the rebuilding of the South. *The Road to Carolina* by Marjorie Hill Allee, is still another Civil War book, telling of the scruples and hesitations of pacifist Quakers who aided the Union in their own way. These books were written with younger audiences in mind, but it is more than probable that, if you enjoyed them, you will as enthusiastically enjoy Dubose Heyward's *Peter Ashley*.

Peter is the first character in fiction with whom we personally have ever come in contact, whose mother, sensing an inevitable conflict between the boy and his own father, handed him over for training and education to an uncle, a man of extraordinarily fine understanding. Uncle Pierre, having lost his wife and two children during a yellow fever epidemic while he was fighting in the Mexican War, transferred to Peter all his pent-up affection. Peter creates a new interest in life for him. Then comes the Civil War. Fresh from Harvard and Oxford, Peter is obliged to decide whether he will fight on the Union or the Secessionist side, although among his Charleston friends there is very little deciding necessary. Matters are complicated by Captain Holcombe, the swaggering bully who is Peter's rival for the love of Damaris Gordon, and who is not the kind to understand any hesitations or questionings. The swing of a fine story and of an inspired theme brings both the period and the characters before us with force and beauty.

Mutiny on the Bounty by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown) is a thrilling adventure story. It tells of Roger Byam, who leaves his mother's pleasant English home to become, first a midshipman on the *Bounty*, next a chieftain married to a lovely native girl in Tahiti. This idyllic existence is soon shattered, and the relentless hand of the captain, whose cruelty and tyranny had caused the mutiny in which Byam was an unwilling participant, is instrumental in his capture and in one of the harshest imprisonments conceivable. The story is based on the journals of Captain Bligh, and on other material gathered by the two authors during

the fourteen years they have lived in Tahiti. It is more than evident that these unusual advantages have been fully used, and the result is an exceptionally graphic and convincing account of that always fascinating subject, a mutiny at sea. This is a book wide in scope and in literary appeal, and it must not on any account be missed by those over whom "dat old debbil sea" exerts its irresistible and magnetic sway, in fiction as in reality.

And here, in parenthesis, I want to mention another adventure tale—one written for boys, but quite a find for girls who like exciting stories. It is *Bran the Bronze Smith* by J. Reason (Dutton), and transfers us successfully to a remote and savage period, that of the Bronze Age, when men were just beginning to savor the creative thrill of producing artistic and useful objects from bronze. Bran and Arril are slaves when we first meet them, under the meanest and most sordid conditions. They are bought at auction by the Master Craftsman Amball, and thereafter their diverging tastes and personalities weave a fascinating and breathlessly interesting tale. They both rise to positions of power and prominence, Bran by reason of his strength, steadiness, and love of his chosen craft, Arril because of his skill with horses, his dash, his careless daring. Other figures play their parts in the rich background of this tale—a Druid priest, a band of pirates, and sundry evil rivals of Bran's. Not for a moment does the interest slacken, and the far-distant period is reconstructed with astonishing vitality.

Last in the group of books written for older readers, but welcome and appropriate for a younger audience, is *Four Plays*, by A. A. Milne (Putnam). Some of us thrilled to the charming love story of Michael Rowe and Mary Weston when we saw "Michael and Mary"; it reads, I think, even better than it acts. "To Meet the Prince" is an amusing little comedy—although it is something more than that, too—and we suspect it might do very well with an amateur cast. These plays and two others make an altogether charming and entertaining book.

While we are on the subject of plays, I must mention another collection, *Ring Up the Curtain*, edited by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown). These are by different authors and appeal to varying tastes and ages. There are "Little Black Sambo," "The Magic Sea Shell," "Snickerly Nick," "Aladdin," and "The Dragon," to name just a few of our own special favorites. Each has a short and sympathetic introduction written by the editor, in which the flavor of the play and sometimes its background is touched upon. It is a book of just the right

size, proportions, and make-up to be welcomed by amateur companies who appreciate additional inspiration in the collections of plays they study before finding the right one. The illustrations and end papers, designed by Laura Jane Scott, are spirited and suggestive for costumes.

Although all the plays in *Ring Up the Curtain* are tried and true favorites, and will prove boons to many camp and school dramatics committees, there is a brand new collection offered this month, outstanding in its fine comprehension of the acting abilities and dramatic tastes of growing people. *Indoor and Outdoor Plays for Children*, by John Farrar (Noble and Noble) is so handled that any of the plays may be produced either indoors or out, although most of them will undoubtedly be much more effective if presented in the open. Their very subtitles—"A Play for a Summer Garden," "A Play for the Seashore," "A Play for a Forest Space"—are reminiscent of enchanted hours in happy surroundings. There are also "A Play for a Winter Evening," "A Masque for Christmastide," and "A Play for Birthdays" to insure the fact that some of them not only can, but really ought, to be given indoors. But the spirit of the collection is that of space, natural beauty, and of the lively vigor of rhythmical young bodies dancing outdoors. These plays are written for children up to about ten, but there are a number of parts, especially in such a play as "The Kingdom of the Rose Trees" and, of course, in the well-known "Magic Sea Shell" which will tempt any girl of from twelve to fifteen.

You will like, too, *The Reluctant Dragon*, by Emma Gelders Sterne (Boston Bookshop for Boys and Girls). It is a three-act play which, like *Indoor and Outdoor Plays*, unerringly senses the tastes and dramatic capabilities of all those who feel that "the play's the thing." The dragon is certainly coming into his own this year. Far from being an entirely loathsome and cannibalistic creature, it is presented rather as a misunderstood beast, sometimes with a nice taste in diet, as in Lady Gregory's play, "The Dragon," one of the plays in the *Ring Up the Curtain* collection, in which the dragon declares he is not partial to devouring princesses because their long braids tickle his jaws. Again in Miss Sterne's play, *The Reluctant Dragon*, he appears in both a domestic and a peace-loving light—a fellow with the human hankering to read his poems aloud to an appreciative audience, and one rather bored with the cannibalistic reputation he is supposed to maintain.

In *Tower Legends*, by Bertha Palmer Lane (The Beacon Press), the dragon again appears. This book is a collection of the legends which have clustered around the famous towers of the world, such as Giotto's Campanile in Florence, the Singing Tower of Florida, the Carillon Tower of Belgium. The belfry of this last named tower has a weather vane in the shape of a dragon with golden scales. According to the legend, he was originally such a tender-hearted chap that he was called "The Weeping Dragon" because he

wept large bucketfuls of tears whenever the Belgian crusaders and the Saracens fell to fighting. His tears made the soil so fertile that there soon grew from it tulips whose fame spread over the world. The dragon himself had never seen the tulips, having retired after the war to a different country. And it is on his journey to view these floral results of his own tender-heartedness that he is shot and impaled forever upon the weather vane of the famous Carillon Tower of Belgium.

Legends such as these compose the book. They are legends which have taken shape with the centuries, or which have had their origin in the imagination of the book's author. Not all are of equal interest or merit, but the idea of the book is interesting and does much to enrich our associations with these famous examples of architecture.

To return again to books of fiction written especially for girls—we seem to have had a long hiatus after the first paragraph of this review—*Careers of Cynthia*, by Erick Berry (Harcourt, Brace), leads with that favorite figure of fiction—a young girl trying to achieve name and fame in New York City. We have met Cynthia before and her fellow art students, Chick, Judy, Eve, and the others who figured in *Illustrations of Cynthia*. Readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* know her through the story of her adventures on shipboard, which appeared several months ago in the magazine. (They will be glad to know, too, that more Cynthia stories, never before published, are scheduled for our 1933 issues.)

The new book shows her to be the same gallant and ingenious Cynthia, and each chapter presents one of her amusing and realistic adventures as she haunts editorial offices trying to find work as a commercial artist. One of the most ingratiating things about Cynthia is that there is nothing of the greasy grind about her. She has the knack of combining work with fun, and no matter how driven and rushed she is, she always has time for fellow workers. Instead of bewailing her lot on a stifling night when funds and prospects are very low indeed, she designs a clever "porcelain clown" costume for Molly to wear to a ball, and then sees to it that Molly's original clown dance receives adequate recognition from an important visiting stage director.

When she receives a commission to paint a set of portraits for a theatre lobby, she selects as subjects not only the most effective models, but those who need the friendly boost of additional notice. Generous, talented, and fun-loving, she is a welcome addition to the rapidly growing portrait gallery of American girls who make the career of being on their own neither a greedy nor a limited one, and who intro-

duce us to all sorts of fascinating nooks, from busy studios and stage wings to hilarious parties and to the painting section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Now we ought to be making our own library—whether it be one row or only two or three books carefully chosen, truly loved. The number of books we own is no criterion of our taste—it's the books we love.



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Marianna's Vineyard

(Continued from page 18)

ribbon and placed each in a separate basket lined with green paper. They were beautiful.

When Bruno returned she told him she wished him to take these special six baskets to town with him.

"Why?" he asked. "Aren't you going to exhibit them? They're your very best."

"I have others just as fine," she answered. "I want your grandmother to have these, today. It was she who first told us to compete in the grape festival. I want her to have the joy of seeing these first."

Bruno shrugged his shoulders and agreed. He then gave her final instructions for the morrow. The grapes were to be packed in the cart that evening and she and Angelo were to leave at daybreak the following morning so as to arrive at the fair grounds by about eight o'clock. He would be there waiting for her, ready to help with the garlands and other decorations. A truck would call for Bruno's grapes sometime that afternoon and deliver them in Rome.

As Bruno jumped into his car he gave Marianna a last warning, "Remember, early tomorrow morning and tell Angelo to drive slowly so as not to damage the grapes."

Marianna waved to him until his car disappeared around the bend in the road. During the remainder of the day, the gay banter and repartee which always accompanies a grape harvest continued. By sunset only the leaves were left hanging on the vines.

As the workers returned from the hillside they washed their hands and arms at the pump and then sat outside around the tables improvised from boards set on wooden horses. Dishes piled high with *finocchi*, bowls of new olives, and numerous two-litre flasks adorned the tables. Concetta, assisted by Giovanni, brought dishes of roast pork and fried artichokes from the kitchen and everyone was generous in his praise of Concetta's inimitable cooking. Long before the feasting was over, Marianna retired to her room. She undressed quickly, knelt beside her bed and said a special prayer to the *Madonna dell'Uva*, thanking her for the generous clusters of grapes that had grown on her vines.

At four-thirty the next morning the alarm clock in Marianna's room rang. She jumped out of bed, washed hurriedly and slipped on her underwear which included a voluminous white starched petticoat. Over this she put on a puffy, round-necked white blouse and a red woolen skirt shirred on a narrow band which fitted tightly around her waist. Over her skirt she placed a white silk apron, bordered with red, and tied in back with a big red bow. She folded a small paisley shawl into a triangle, threw it over her shoulders and tied it in front with a knot. With that, her gala costume was complete. She ran downstairs and out to the barn where Angelo was hitching the horse to the cart.

Marianna climbed in to the driver's seat and

looked at her grapes with pride. Her fingers hovered over them, but she did not touch them since too much handling would spoil the soft, lustrous finish and give the berries an artificial gloss. Angelo sat beside her and as they drove by the kitchen door her mother and father were there, waving farewell and wishing her luck. The cart's hood was turned toward the north to protect them from the swift wind, and Marianna leaned against it and curled up her legs to rest and keep warm.

She closed her eyes and paid little attention to Angelo's chatter. On the road ahead of them were a few scattered carts.

"Thank heavens, automobilists are lazy and don't get up early in the morning," Angelo mused. "That's the only time there's any peace on the road for the carts."

In the meantime at the fair grounds Bruno walked a few yards away from the booth which he had just finished decorating, turned and surveyed the effect.

"Not bad, eh, Giovanni?"

"Very fine, Signor Bruno. There's not another booth can compare with it."

Bruno looked at his wrist watch. "Eight-thirty. They should be here soon."

"Should be here already," Giovanni said.

They fussed about the booth, drove a few more nails, changed the position of a basket or two. Nine o'clock.

"It's getting late. Wonder what's keeping them?" Bruno left the piazza and strolled toward the road. He looked in the direction from which Marianna and Angelo should appear. No sign of them. He sat on a bench and waited. Nine-thirty. At nine forty-five he returned to the booth.

"I'm worried about them. I wonder if anything could have happened?"

Giovanni shook his head. "I don't like it, sir."

"The exhibit opens officially at ten. At twelve the judges will be here. I can't understand why they haven't arrived. Wish there were a telephone at the farmhouse."

Suddenly Giovanni grabbed his arm. "Look, Signor Bruno," he said as he pointed toward the road. "There's Angelo stepping out of an automobile."

They both ran to meet Angelo who seemed to be walking with difficulty.

"Signor Bruno," Angelo called out to them. "We've had an accident. Nothing serious, really. It's all right. Marianna isn't hurt. Even the horse and cart weren't damaged badly. It happened up there, you know, near the hotel entrance. An auto came dashing out, hit the rear of the cart and turned it over."

"But the grapes?" Bruno asked. "Where are they?"

"Scattered over the road," crushed, mangled, the baskets broken, the whole cartload a sticky mess. Poor Mariannina. She cried like a baby when she saw them! Ah, well, I suppose we should be thankful that there was no one hurt," Angelo ended philosophically.

"Thankful nothing," Bruno answered. "It's an outrage. I'll have my father sue them. But that won't do Marianna any good. It won't bring back her grapes."

Bruno shook his head dourly and muttered a few harsh words under his breath. Suddenly the deep scowl on his face disappeared.

"I have it," he exclaimed. "You, Angelo,

go down and guard my stand. You, Giovanni, come along with me. We must hurry if we are to be in time."

Bruno drove like fury through Villa Borghese, out onto the Via Pinciana and to his home.

"We're going to get the grapes which Marianna gave me yesterday for my grandmother. We'll exhibit those."

In less than twenty minutes they were back on the exhibition grounds. Bruno laid an embroidered cloth over the wooden table and on it he placed three Della Robbia dishes and three tall earthenware vases. On each dish he placed a solitary, magnificent cluster of grapes, and draped as many clusters over each of the vases as they could hold.

The effect was startling in its simplicity. The very scarcity of grapes on this table, contrasted with the lavish abundance elsewhere, added to its attractiveness.

Up at the farmhouse, the gayety of the preceding day had given way to the deepest gloom. Neighbors and friends, who had heard of the accident at church or in the village square that morning, had been dropping in all day to hear the details. It was now late afternoon. The church bells were ringing for the vesper service.

"Aren't you tired, Mariannina? Don't you think you ought to go to bed now?" her mother asked her.

"No, please, mother. Let me stay up until you come back from church."

Her mother consented. Marianna closed the book which lay on her lap, rested her head against the back of the chair and gazed at the reddening sky.

"Soon Angelo will be back," she thought. "One of the neighbors will drive him home."

Her reverie was interrupted by the noise of an automobile stopping at the gate. Before she had time to get up, Bruno and Angelo appeared on the gravel path.

Bruno, waving a long paper roll over his head, ran up to her.

"Marianna, we've won. Here they are, our diplomas of merit. One for me and one for you."

"Oh, Bruno, I'm so happy for your sake. Which prize did you win?"

"Not I, but *we*. Didn't you hear me?"

Marianna laughed and shook her head.

"It's sweet of you to say that, but the grapes were yours. I had no exhibit. You won. But how wonderful to have won two prizes. I'm so happy. Congratulations, Bruno."

Bruno unrolled the diplomas, held one in front of Marianna and, following the text with his index finger, read aloud, "The Ministry of Agriculture takes great pride and pleasure in conferring this diploma of merit upon Marianna Concetta Giuseppina Angela Racaselli"—and that, if I'm not mistaken, means you. You are fortunate, but no one could say that your grapes didn't deserve to win."



The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 39)

Pan began to be tempted. But she remembered her promise and remained firm.

"I couldn't sell it anyhow without letting this person know—the one who was just here. Because I promised her." She knew now that she had been silly to promise without realizing what she had done. But it was too late to help that. She *had* promised.

The remark seemed to irritate the stranger.

"Bah! Vy you gotta let anybody know? Can't you sell if you vant to? Look here, I gif you feefteen? See? Feefteen dollars!" He took from his pocket a bulky billfold wrapped around with elastic and drew out some bills.

"There it is. Here, I got a newspaper, so you don't bodder even to wrap the bowl. I take it right along."

Pan felt if she were not very quick, the bowl would disappear like something in a conjuring trick.

"No!" she exclaimed, and she seized it and hurried with it into the hall.

As she reached that shelter, Mrs. Peters, who must have heard something of the dispute, came into the dining room and said, "Where did the waitress go? Have you everything you want, sir?"

"Bring me some apple pie mit cheese, please. And anoder cup of coffee. De goil? I don't know where she went."

But she was not far away. The little cupboard under the stairs where they kept the rubbers would, she thought, afford a safe temporary hiding place for the bowl until she should have time to take it upstairs. She was just about to hide it there when she heard Mrs. Peters say ingratiatingly, "Have you noticed this Queen Anne highboy, sir? It's very old, as you can see."

The cook was evidently trying her hand at salesmanship.

"I can see a lod of tings, if I try!" growled the stranger, not too agreeably, over his second cup of coffee. Mrs. Peters was only checked for an instant by this remark, and went on smoothly, "These chairs here are pure Chipping—Chippingdale."

"I s'pose you can see chip-marks on dem? Is dot vot you mean?"

Mrs. Peters inspected the chair doubtfully.

"Why, yes, of course, the original chip-marks." As the chair was perfectly smooth, she continued in haste, "The highboy has all the original hardware."

"Original in West Fourth Street, New York City."

"How dare you!" Mrs. Peters's protest lacked conviction, even Pan felt. And her next remark was positively cringing. "I'm sure it isn't my fault if the party I bought these of has deceived me," she whimpered.

"Deceefed you? Vell, I guess nod! You pretty smart voman, hein?" He chuckled.

"Say, de goil," he lowered his voice.

"Oh, she and her brother—" Mrs. Peters mumbled the rest. Pan did not wish to hear what she had to say about her. So her partner was dishonest!

She straightened up, and clasping the bowl, fled quietly upstairs.

Ran's door was open. To confide in him would be to own herself completely in the wrong. This was too hard for her at present. But there was the bowl to be disposed of. It was a relief to have something to do.

"Ran, may I hide this here? I'm being pestered to death about it. A girl from Kingsford just offered me five dollars, and a man, I think he's a dealer, first ten and then fifteen."

"He did? Why, it must be worth something."

"I suppose it is."

"Did you say the man is downstairs?"

"I think he's just going. Why?"

"Because if I were you, I'd tell him I'd sell it for twenty. Go on, see what he says. He evidently wants it."

"You don't understand. I can't, because I promised this girl, and anyhow he's so horrid, I should hate to talk to him."

"Oh, gee! You have more fool notions! I wish I'd kept the bowl! Here I need money the worst way for material for my planes, and you pass up a chance to get twenty dollars, just for nothing!"

The same old story, Pan thought impatiently. Several times lately Ran had mentioned his need of money. Just then a car full of women stopped in front of the inn, and she had to go down to wait on them. This was certainly the inn's busy day, and these were no common tourists. They were four ladies from Kingsford who had been told by Mrs. Bruyn of the new, attractive place. They twittered over their tea and toast and marmalade, and examined everything in the rooms minutely.

"Are these chairs very old?" It was to Pan, of course, that the question was addressed.

"I don't—I can't tell you!"

Mrs. Peters in the kitchen caught the incredible answer. She rushed in.

"Yes, madam, those are very old. All our things are, except of course these painted novelties and the things on the gift table."

"How interesting!" murmured the lady who had inquired. But neither she nor the others bought. After they had gone, Mrs. Peters turned on her helper.

"What do you mean by telling customers you don't know whether the antiques are old?" she demanded.

"I mean a lot," flared Pan. "I heard what that man said, and I'm not going to tell lies any longer."

"You—you believe any rival dealer who comes in here on purpose to knock the place, and then you dare call me a liar!" Mrs. Peters's voice rose shrilly. "There's fine help for you! There's gratitude!"

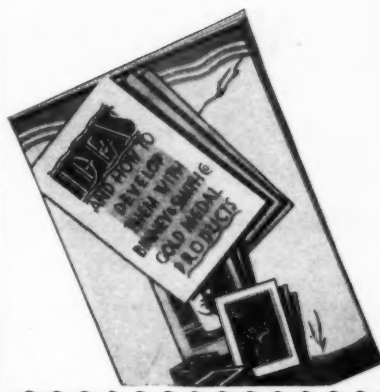
"I don't see why I should be so terribly grateful! You wouldn't have stayed here if you hadn't thought you could make a lot of money. And as for helping, I never would have promised to if I'd known it meant saying what isn't so."

"And I'd never have asked you if I'd guessed you were so silly! After this, call me if anyone asks about the furniture, if you please."

"I certainly will. I don't care to lie for anybody," replied Pan heatedly.

No more commissions! And a dishonest partner! But it was too late now to get rid of her, to have the place to themselves. She must go on. There was nothing else to do!

Soon after this, came two letters—one from her father, written at the base camp in southern Venezuela, telling of his proposed trip into the interior (Continued on page 47)



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With Our Girl Scouts Abroad

Two Weeks at "Our Chalet"

By MARY EMMA ALLEN

ON AUGUST sixth a happy American group stood on a slope nestled in among the towering Swiss Alps, and gazed out across a valley and on to the little town of Adelboden just across the way. Perhaps it would be well to introduce you to these joyful Americans. First of all, let me present Miss Elaine Clark of Rochester, New York, who undertook the task of leading the rest of us safely and soundly through the summer. Next is Winifred Turner of Quincy, Massachusetts; then Dorothy Fenstermacher of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Mary Vance Trent from Indianapolis, and myself from Tennessee.

The Chalet is a large, typically Swiss Alpine home. The rooms have been furnished by the different nations with furniture representative of each country. There is a large front porch from which one can get the most exquisite view of the snow-capped peaks, the valley, and Adelboden. The situation itself is one of inspiration! I feel sure that there is no place in any of the four corners of the earth more suitable for a meeting of the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides of different countries.

From the moment we arrived at the Chalet, we felt perfectly at home, and as if we were part of the surroundings. At nine o'clock that evening, we witnessed one of the greatest sights ever—the representatives of the other countries, dressed in their varied uniforms, climbing up the winding road to "Our Chalet".

Before we had arrived, we had been carefully placed in patrols. Of course, you

are wondering how it was even possible for us to elect a patrol leader with such a variety of languages—but that was easily managed. In spite of our language differences, our differences in training, and our differences in environment, we all had our Girl Scouting in common—each girl knew her place, her part of the task, and her duty.

Since the object of the meeting was toward the formation of contacts through which we might gain a broader vision of our great world movement, and absorb others' ways of doing and interpreting things, our program was left quite flexible and informal. We hiked up several of the beautiful peaks around us and swam at Adelboden, and played games at the Chalet.

The serious side of our meeting included discussions of international Girl Scout problems. We were all divided in different language groups to talk over the problems, and then we would assemble and each group would present its conclusions to the rest for criticism. Every thought was translated into English, German, and French.

One of the high lights was the "International Cooking Day" at which time each group built a fire and cooked the camp dish most representative of their country. We Americans finally decided on Komac stew and cinnamon toast for our menu. England cooked oat cakes; Norway, potato cakes; France, onion omelet; Denmark, steak with onions; Czechoslovakia, apricolas; Finland, rice and potato patties; and Hungary, goulash. I would be doing Hungary an unforgivable injustice if I skipped over her extraordinary dish with no comment. It was made just the way we all make ours, only it contained an extra "kick" which made itself noticeable in the form of paprika. There was a pronounced hush throughout the group after each one had taken a mouthful! Everyone carried out the idea of internationalism by eating some of each dish cooked. As an outcome, we had to resort to the comfort of our cots as we all had an "international stomachache".



GIRL SCOUTS SEE THE CHALET FLAGPOLE

Next to the last night we were at the Chalet, we took an overnight hike up the Bonderspiez. As we looked down on the lights of Adelboden, up at the Alpine glow on those snow-capped peaks, above at the twinkling stars and then into our own fire about which sat girls of eight nations, a wonderful realization of what it all meant came to each of us that night there on the side of the mountain. A mantle of

closer comradeship and of finer friendship fell over the entire group.

It was with a feeling of regret that we got ready to leave Our Chalet on the twentieth of August, and it did not seem that we were really saying goodbye, but that we were just beginning friendships that would grow more beautiful with the years.

With Girl Scouts in Ireland

By MARY CLAY

In June, nineteen thirty-two the Eucharistic Congress was held in Ireland. Among the pilgrims were two hundred and fifty Girl Scouts from the British Isles, the Dominions of Canada and Australia, India, Finland, Belgium, France, and the United States of America. The International Camp was held at the Enniskerry estate of Viscountess Powerscourt, Chief Commissioner of Ireland. It is one of the most beautiful places in the country, famed at home and abroad for the magnificence of its yews.

The camp lived in units of thirty composed of the different nations. We slept on the ground, cooked our food in enormous swinging iron pots, ate it sitting on ground sheets with boards for tables, and each night met around a huge campfire to sing songs, tell stories, or to play games.

Toward the end of our sojourn the leaders decided to give us a mixed campfire. So one night the Rovers and Boy Scouts came to entertain the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. They broke the ice with a few good old Irish Rover and Scout songs and we joined in the choruses. Then it was decided that the girls ought to entertain the boys, so each nation sang a song or danced its national dance. After taps we assembled for night prayers.

An interesting diversion—one that took all of a morning—was our exploration of the house and grounds. The manor was a cross between a castle and a château. The entrance hall abounded with suits of armor, cannon of various sizes and shapes, and other implements of war. From our inspection of the house we passed out into a small rose garden, deliciously fragrant. We (Continued on page 48)



THE GROUP THAT WENT TO IRELAND ALSO VISITED Mlle. DE MONTMART, INTERNATIONAL COMMISSIONER OF THE GUIDES DE FRANCE AT HER CHATEAU. AT THE RIGHT IS THE ENTIRE JULIETTE LOW AWARD GROUP



Behind Jade Screens

(Continued from page 11)

diplomatic establishment. His were to be the most magnificent entertainments, his the most splendid entourage.

She has lived through much, this gracious and superlatively young Princess of the East—through the constant dangers because of jealousy and court intrigue that beset her distinguished father in his efforts, as ambassador to France and later to Japan, to represent China to the world; through the aftermath of the Boxer Rebellion; the anguish of "Old Buddha" during her last days when she knew her dynasty had almost lived out its hour; the conflagration of Civil War and China's struggle to become a Republic with a vigorous patriotic zeal.

Like most of her countrymen, while deeply philosophical, Princess Der Ling is extraordinarily witty—a wit that arrests one to think, too, but one that is kind. No American or European woman can outmatch her in deep interest in all that is being done in China to release Chinese girls and women from the thongs of hide-bound custom. She hails the new era that allows a Chinese girl to laugh—whether or not in the presence of men. She is enthusiastic over the prowess of Gertrude Liang who is China's Helen Wills. She is delighted that boys and girls now sing together, play golf together.

She is happy that those days are fast disappearing when baby girls had their feet bound—though as a Manchu hers never were—and when it was most undignified for a little girl to run. She remembers when the utmost exercise a girl might have was occasionally to hold the string of her brothers' or cousins' kite, if all the children were under seven. So now when she sees middy-clad, bobbed-haired girls laughing merrily and playing American games on the schoolfields, it means much more to her than anyone of us can quite understand. It brings in a new day for Chinese young womanhood and a greater participation in the affairs of the nation. There are Chinese women doctors, lawyers, teachers and nurses—all in twenty years. Certainly a great chasm has been crossed since the days when Princess Der Ling in her padded gown was "like a toy balloon gone walking" among the monsters in stone and the goldfish-filled ponds of her Manchu garden.

When I asked Princess Der Ling if she ever returns to China, she told me about her house in Peking that is perpetually ready for her. Guarded by a gardener and a major domo who are life-long pensioners, her great house sleeps sometimes for several years. But let the word go forth from the major domo that the Princess, her husband and her son are on their way home, immediately a score of families around about lose their houseboys, their cooks, their rickshaw boys—or whatever happens to be their post. Back to the Princess's house marches this great group of retainers. Once engaged by their Manchu princess they are hers forever whether she wants them or not, no matter whether they have been discharged every day for years. Her home is theirs. So when she reaches her Peking house from the boat, "It is as if I were coming in from a shopping trip downtown," says the Princess. "The household moves on oiled wheels. I might never have been away at all—and this may be after ten years."

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The Drumming Girl

(Continued from page 9)

house. Then it came nearer, and nearer yet, and at last it was as though the ghost stood outside the very door with its rap, rap, rap. Peregrine, he jumped up, and pulled the door open. What he saw made him stagger. For there was Lizzie Cotterell, with the drum tied round her neck on a ribbon, and the drumstick in her hand, looking steadfastly at him, and smiling in her secret way. Pale she was, pale enough to be a ghost; but he knew she was a flesh and blood woman, for he saw her breast rise and fall as she fetched her breath.

"My word," he said. "It's Lizzie!" 'Twas all he could say.

"I'm glad you remember me, Peregrine," said she.

"How on earth did you come here?" he said. "The doors are locked, and you're not a spirit, for all your pranks."

"Over the pigsty roof, and the brew-house roof, and in at the dairy skylight," said she. "Same way as I used to climb when we played hide and seek here in the old days. Same way as I've come here every night since you've been gone, and interlopers needed scaring off," said she, eyeing him still, as white as a sheet and as bold as brass.

"Peregrine, he sat down to think, and Lizzie, she stood there, fingering the drumstick, wistful-like.

"How many nights have you come here, then?" he asked.

"Four hundred and twenty-seven," said she, without even stopping to reckon.

"And how ever have you got here?" asked Peregrine.

"Walked," said she.

"In all weathers, at all times of year?"

"In all weathers, and at all times of year."

"Peregrine, he sat and studied on, and Lizzie, she stood watching him.

"Why did you do it?" said he.

"Because I loved you."

"She spoke so cold-like, the words didn't seem true, and Peregrine raised his head and looked at her to see if she were mocking him. She flushed then, and began to shake and cry; but she stood her ground and faced it out.

"Because I loved you," she said again, and it was as though she were rating him, she spoke so fierce. 'Because I could not and would not have it that strangers should bide here in your house, and warm themselves by your fireside. Because, while you were driven overseas, I would see no one in your place. I'd have done worse to them if I could. But anyhow, I drummed them out.'

"Either you're mad," he said, 'or I'm dreaming. Or this is love.'

"It's love," she said. 'I told you so before you asked me. Now I'm going.'

"How will you get out?" said he.

"Same way as I came," said Lizzie.

"But by this time he'd got his arm round her, and was comforting her, and building up the fire. For what with padding round the house in her stocking feet, so as not to be heard, and what with the shame a well-brought-up young woman would feel who'd just spoken so, she was shaking like an aspen. By and by he tried to kiss her, but

the drum got in the way, no matter what.

"Take off that drum," said he. "It won't be needed any more now. I'm home for good, and no one else shall bide in this house but you and I."

"But she put on the drum again to be painted in, that same painting as you see there. It's a good likeness, I do believe. She was always pale like that, all her life through, and I've heard it said that it was because of all those cold nights she spent, drumming through the house, and the way she walked there in all weathers, and home again before dawn, across the wet fields. She and Peregrine were married so soon as the banns could be called, and I've never heard that she repented it, though he didn't make her the best of husbands, and her own folk never spoke to her again after the house was changed. For Peregrine couldn't make the farm pay, he was never made for a farmer. So after they'd been married a year or so, the land and the stock were sold, and Peregrine bought a license, and set up as a publican. Because of Lizzie's exploit, and because he was so proud of it, he called the inn *The Drumming Girl*, with a sign according. That's the old sign outside, though it's been repainted. But this here is the true likeness."

"A remarkable woman," said the commercial traveler. "But women, they're like that. Once let them set their mind on a thing—or on a man—" he added, more thoughtfully. Then, as though something had disquieted him, he finished his cider, settled his bill, and without another glance at the portrait went on his way.

Tables Through the Year

(Continued from page 23)

folded each one and cut pointed petals with two snips of the scissors. Then I wrapped this around my egg-flower so the yellow paper would show between the green petals. Next I twisted the part below the egg into a stem and fastened it with a bit of wire just below the egg.

When my twelve flowers were made I cut a square of green cellophane, placed my little bucket in the middle, gathered the cellophane up around the pail and set it in place with a bit of wire. I filled it with my egg-flowers, and put it in the center of my table.

Fresh flowers, both wild and from the garden, always make the loveliest table decoration, and should be used whenever possible.

In April use combinations of pastel colors. A glass finger bowl of violets with more leaves than violets, flanked by two, four or six low candlesticks with tall yellow candles, is worth looking at. A low pot of hyacinths, a green pottery bowl of tulips, daffodils, jonquils or paper narcissus will change even a commonplace table into a lovely picture.

In May try out wild flower combinations. Daisies and buttercups make delightful table bouquets. For Mothers' Day use a white and yellow color scheme with a bit of blue for accent. Fill a big May basket with daisies, buttercups and cornflowers. Put

two smaller baskets at each end with yellow, blue or white candles in between, and tiny old-fashioned nosegays at each place for favors.

In June and July try red, white and blue combinations. For Flag Day in June or for a Fourth of July table, use red and white roses with blue forget-me-nots, or red poppies and blue cornflowers and some white flower.

In winter when fresh flowers are scarce, one or two of them—a lovely rose or a gardenia—may be effectively arranged in a big glass globe-like jar. Put a flower holder in the bottom of the jar. Arrange the single flower with plenty of green leaves in the holder, then add water until the bottoms of the leaves rest on the water. Cover the whole jar with glass or with a small glass plate.

Next to flowers fruit, especially fruit in season, makes the most attractive centerpiece. Strawberries, cherries, raspberries, currants, arranged on green leaves in glass bowls, make beautiful summer centerpieces. Peaches, pears, plums, apricots and grapes, piled in wooden bowls, in baskets or on trays, and decorated with sprays of green leaves are charming, and may be used all through the summer and early autumn.

Unusual and pleasant hued centerpieces for autumn and winter, and summer, too, for that matter, can be made from vegetables—tomatoes, especially the plum and

cherry and other small varieties; orange carrots, purple-red beets, radishes, and egg plants; green corn and cucumbers.

Late in August and during September it is wise to begin assembling materials for a half dozen more or less permanent table bouquets. Gather sheaves of barley, wheat and oats. These, in a pumpkin holder lined with colored cellophane, make a vari-colored and graceful centerpiece for Thanksgiving or Hallowe'en tables.

Gather pine cones, too, and trailing vines, winter berries and pods, bayberries, bittersweet, dogwood berries, mountain ash, orange lanterns, milkweed pods, and sprays of silvery honesty. Make these up into bouquets, using moss as a foundation. Low flat bowls and flower pot saucers may serve as containers.

Small bowls of ivy also may be used for table decoration. Plants are always effective. Last year I bought little plants in pairs as nearly alike as possible—a pair of tiny cacti in Mexican pots, a pair of ferns, which I put in gay plaid pots, and several others of which I do not know the names. These look very well on a long table to balance a bowl of fruit in the center.

Autumn leaves and trailing vines should be used in season. Tiny creatures—deer, elephants, roosters, dogs—and dolls like the ones shown in the illustration can be used in various ways to add to the interest of a table picture.

The Hoodooed Inn

(Continued from page 43)

in a dug-out, with another scientist and some natives—the other was from her aunt, one which disturbed her for several days.

"Pan darling," the letter read, "at last I am able to dictate this note. Your letters have been such a comfort. As long as this dreadful thing had to happen, it is a wonderful consolation to know that you are being well taken care of by those nice Peters. Isn't it lucky I engaged them? Otherwise, I don't know what you would have done, for I should not have had an easy moment if you were alone at Dutch Doors, or even with a woman servant only and no man.

"I wonder if you would mind taking the bus to Kingsford, since as you write my car is not repaired as yet, and getting me a few things, paying for them with the check I enclose. I hate to bother you, but little things mean so much to an invalid." Pan unfolded the check. It was for forty dollars. Here followed a list: two silk and lace nightgowns, a pair of mules, some soap, powder, cologne and perfume—all of expensive makes.

"They don't seem to like to cash checks for us here," the letter went on. "Probably that is because they do not wish their patients to think about money. Why, the nurse is not even allowed to read me the financial page in the paper. But I am sure my stocks were at the bottom point when I bought them and that I shall make still more by holding them.

"By the way, why don't you call up Julia Cockburn—the Kingsford girl I spoke to you about—and invite her out to luncheon or tea. I know she'd enjoy so much meeting you and seeing Dutch Doors.

"Lovingly,
"Aunt Allie."

Pan unlocked the drawer in her desk where she kept her money, and counted her hoard. Thirty-nine dollars and sixty cents—and she had hoped soon to buy herself an inexpensive summer dress or two, and Ran some sneakers. The dresses would have to wait. She would have to see what she could do toward fulfilling her aunt's requirements. To refuse would mean impossible explanations.

Due to this new financial stringency, she decided to call up Julia Cockburn and tell her of the price she had been offered for the bowl. But the maid at the Cockburns informed her that Miss Julia was out of town and would not be back for some days. Would she leave a message? Pan did so. That same afternoon Avis Bruyn telephoned.

"Mother and I are going to drive up to Albany the end of the week—Friday—and we were wondering if you couldn't go with us. We want your company, but besides that, we've a special reason for asking you. I told mother about that bowl of yours, and she thinks you ought to ask some expert in glass about it before you sell it to anybody." Avis stressed the word. "And there is a man in the State Museum who knows all about glass."

"I don't suppose I can get away, but I'll let you know later. Thanks a lot," answered Pan, surprised.

That afternoon Mrs. Peters asked her to go to the village for some groceries which

had been forgotten, and which were needed immediately. Pan consented, glad of a break in her routine. Midsummer's day had passed. The glossy green laurels showed clusters of brown sepals, instead of pink calyxes dotted with red like exquisite calico, and the ladyslippers had wilted into the pine needles; but robins chirped liquidly, dropping stones from wild cherry trees, and a pair of indigo birds, blue as delphinium, flirted over seeding grasses.

As Pan reached the village, she saw a person she recognized. It was their customer with the guttural accent, who came out of the little news shop with a paper under his arm and a cigar in his mouth, and who drove away without seeing her. Just then Ran came out of the same shop. She hailed him. He turned toward her with a distraught expression.

"Goodness, you look as if I were a ghost!" he recognized his sister.

"Well, I thought, of course, that you were at the inn," he answered. "What are you doing downtown?"

"I came out on an errand. Did you notice that dark man who was in the news shop just now? He's the one I told you about who wanted to buy that bowl."

Ran stared at her as if he did not understand what she was saying.

"You know! You thought I ought to sell it to him for twenty dollars."

"Huh? Oh yes, I remember now. What are you going to do?" he inquired.

"I thought I'd like to look at some of the magazines."

"They're nothing but a lot of slush! Why do you want to read them?"

"You're mighty particular all of a sudden," she laughed. "Well, then, I guess I'll buy a paper. I've been so busy I don't know what's going on in the world at all."

"I've the *Times* here. You can look at it when we get home."

He followed her absent-mindedly into the grocery store and they walked home together. But in spite of his unusual sociable actions, he said very little.

"I haven't time to read the paper now. Will you save it for me?" asked Pan, as they reached the inn. He promised.

When she had an opportunity, she asked if the dealer had stopped at the inn.

"That Know-It-All? He was around. Not in the restaurant, but on the archery talking to William. I suppose he was criticising that! But William won't stand any nonsense from him, that I'm sure of!" Thus Mrs. Peters disposed of her business rival.

When the day's work was over, Pan dropped into Ran's room to get the newspaper. An item had been clipped from the front page.

"You might have waited until I'd read it before cutting things out," she complained. "This comes right in the middle of something on the second page I'm interested in. What was it? Something about science?"

"Uh-huh!" Ran assented.

But was it "something about science"? Why is Ran so furtive? Pan's brain is confused by it all—by her visit to Albany with Avis, by Ran's increased taciturnity and by a terrifying adventure of her own at "The Hoodooed Inn." Don't miss the April instalment of your new mystery.



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of the second annual AMERICAN GIRL Handicraft Contest for 1933. The April issue will contain complete details. Your troop will want to enter this nation-wide competition so read the April issue to learn the rules.

With Our Girl Scouts Abroad

(Continued from page 44)

noticed the note of the thrush among the songs of the other birds. Goldfinches flitted to and fro amidst the rose trees. A few stone benches and nymphs decorated the garden here and there. Passing through the house again we entered the formal garden. It was an enormous one walled in by stone with Italian gates of wrought iron at either end. Among the profusion of flowers stood out some blue poppies, which we were told, the gardener had just succeeded in growing this year.

Strolling down through the winding paths we came to the fountain pond which could be reached by a succession of beautiful terraces that led from the side of the house. The fountain was turned on for us and it shot up over a hundred feet in the air. The pond was in itself lovely, shimmering in the sunlight; but, with the sun splitting the spray into a thousand colors, it was gorgeous. We descended from the pond through a grove of monkey trees to get a glimpse of the Japanese garden. A brook wound through it over which a Japanese bridge arched gracefully and iris grew picturesquely along its gravel paths. It is pleasant to remember this lovely garden.

On our way back to our own camp, we came upon almost the most picturesque spot yet—the neighborhood smithy, a quaint gray building. The door shaped like a horseshoe whetted our curiosity and Amer-

ican-like we peeped in to be greeted with, "Well, the Lord be praised! I am seeing a powerful deal of beauty this day." Familiar though we were with the native blarney, we admitted confidentially to one another that this Irishman had a way of his own.

A Circle of Friendship

By MARY VANCE TRENT

One of our Laws tells us, "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout." Since my Tenderfoot days, I had known the letter of this Law and thought that I knew its spirit; but not until this past summer, when I was privileged to see its active application, did I realize the great import of Friendship and Sisterhood in Girl Scout ideals.

At Our Chalet there were perfect democracy and freedom from national and religious rivalry. We all worked and played together in complete accord and happiness. The true test of the girls was: Are they real Girl Scouts? By words and deeds they constantly proved themselves worthy of this distinction. We found our foreign sisters to be helpful, sympathetic, and cheerful under all circumstances; but more than anything else, it was *fun* to be with them and to enjoy their clever stunts and ideas and their beautiful songs.

Differences in language proved no barrier to friendship and understanding. Indeed, it was quite to the contrary; for the Guides did not *talk* about being friends; they *were* friends. We found that smiles and simple gestures are words in the international language.

Every night we had campfire on the mountain side with the majestic Alps rising around on all sides and the lights of the little village gleaming far below. There we sang songs in half a dozen languages—sang them and loved them, even if we didn't know what they meant. Then at the end there was always the good-night circle just as we have it at home, England, France, Norway, Scotland, Finland, Denmark, America, Hungary, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia joining hands. It was an inspiring experience.

When the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, left Our Chalet, his parting message to us was to make friends and to keep our friendships warm and vital, so that we might do our part to bring about lasting friendship throughout the world. Such was our goal and ideal at the Juliette Low encampment in Switzerland, and we tried to act in accord with one of Mrs. Low's messages to the Girl Scouts of America: "—think of the girls around the world who are your sister Girl Scouts and Girl Guides. Truly, ours is a circle of friendships united by our ideals."

The Sun Does Not Set

(Continued from page 29)

of ice cold water; so we drank and wet our handkerchiefs and hats.

"I feel I should say a little about the meals. We seem to have such prolonged ones, with so many courses.

"For breakfast we have chocolate taken in a bowl with a spoon and bread and butter and jam. They eat bread to everything here and it is such bread—long and round loaves. The peasants carry them with a small piece of paper around the middle. And the peasants think it cruel to hold a duck by the feet; so they walk along holding it by the *neck*."

This Is How a Parsee Girl Lives

Ethel Grevert of Valley Stream, New York sends us a letter from a girl living in India with whom she corresponds:

"I was born at Mhow in 1916. Two years later my mother died, leaving me to the care of my grandparents and aunt. My father was and still is a forest-officer. I have three brothers—all older than myself.

"I am not an Indian girl. Of course I live in India but am not a native of that country. The Parsees to whom I belong are a branch of the Persian race. Some few centuries ago we all were living in Persia. But unhappily we had to leave our dear country for the sake of preserving our religion and flee to

India. This was because the Turks, who are Mohammedans, conquered us and forced their religion upon us. The girls here dress like any modern European girl would do. But when once we enter into the age of twenty-one we have to dress in gorgeous *saris*. These are made of either silk, satin or any rich stuff. They are pieces of cloth five yards long which we wrap around our bodies like the ancient Greeks.

"My eldest brother is working in the Indian Travelling Service in Madras. The second one is studying dairy farming. My youngest brother stays with me for his studies. I go to a European Convent School and am studying for my Cambridge Senior. My father, who works quite near Mhow as a Forest Officer, is very brave—he has shot nearly thirty-six tigers. He comes to see us twice in a year and in my holidays I go out traveling with him.

"I know well how to play the violin and the piano—have passed many exams from the Trinity College of Music, London. I am also very fond of sports. I go to school at eight in the morning, after having a game

of tennis. I come back at four in the afternoon. Then I dress and go out either for rides, drives or walks."

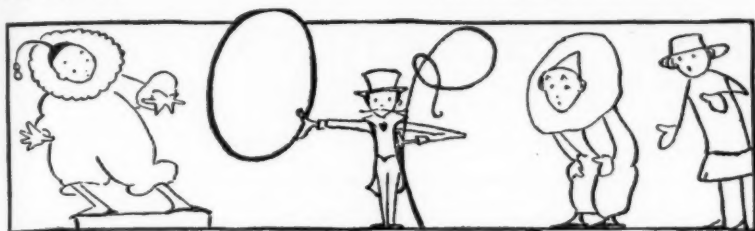
Juliette Low Memorial Encampment

It is planned to hold another Juliette Low Memorial Encampment this year at Our Chalet from July 31 to August 14. The International Committee has decided that four girls shall be chosen to go from Regions II, IV, VI and VIII. A part of the fund available will be awarded to Girl Scouts and Girl Guides from Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and Switzerland. Ireland has been invited to send a Girl Guide and it is hoped that there will be a guide from Canada.

To be eligible for a Juliette Low Memorial Award, a Girl Scout must be either a Golden Eaglet or a First Class Girl Scout of seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen years of age, must be in active service in a troop, and must have been in Girl Scouting for at least three years. The selection is based primarily on Girl Scout spirit, outstanding loyalty, and knowledge of Girl Scout standards and work.

Qualified Girl Scouts of fourteen or over, accompanied by a leader, may visit the Chalet if they pay their own way; Girl Scouts of sixteen or over may stay without a leader—on their own.





Laugh and Grow Scout

Nor Have We

A man had been out fishing, and was describing to a friend the exact size of the fish he caught.

"It was fully so long," he asserted, spreading his hands far apart. "I never saw such a fish."

"Probably not," remarked his friend. —Sent by LILIAN TFLERY, Beaumont, Texas.

His Master's Grammar

"Lay down, pup, lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie, lay down, I say. Lay down there."

"You'll have to say lie down, Mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier." —Sent by ELEANOR WHEELER, Guayama, Puerto Rico.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

He Wasn't Scotch



A tourist was prowling around a Scottish churchyard. His eyes caught the epitaph: "Lord, she was thin."

"Say, sexton, what d'ye make of that?" he asked.

"That's all right, sir. The sculptor went over near the edge of the stone and didn't have room for the 'e'." —Sent by HELEN HASKELL, Kuling, China.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

It's a Wise Father

SMALL CHILD (looking at newspaper picture): Daddy, what do you call the high, round thing that these people are standing under?

FATHER: That's a memorial arch.

SMALL CHILD: You're wrong, Daddy; it says here, "Japanese royalty are being entertained under the Auspices." —Sent by HARRIETTE SHAW, Gstaad, Switzerland.



Not so Sure-footed

A dear old lady, who was on a visit to Portsmouth, was being shown over Admiral Nelson's old ship, *Victory*.

"And what might that be?" she said, pointing to a brass plate fired into the deck.

"Oh, that plate is fired there to mark the spot where poor Nelson fell," replied her guide.

As she turned to walk away the old lady skidded and fell on the slippery deck. "Huh!" she gasped on being assisted to her feet. "No wonder Nelson fell!" —Sent by HARRIET COVERDALE, Portsmouth, Canada.

Why Be Subtle

BROWN OWL (testing recruit): Now, Bernice, let me hear you say the last half of the Brownie Promise.

BERNICE: . . . and to help other people every day, especially myself. —Sent by EDITH M. LINES, Warwick West, Bermuda.

Generous

A Chinese visiting Yellowstone National Park in winter walked for some miles along a snow-covered mountain walk. Looking back, he saw a bear sniffing at his tracks and rapidly gaining on him.

With a yell he began to run, crying: "You like my tracks? I makee you some more." —Sent by MARIAN MILLER, Urbana, Illinois.



Yardage Galore

Colored Jim was proudly sporting a new shirt. His friend asked, "How many yards do it take to make a shirt like that?"

"Ah got three shirts like this outa one yard last night!" he replied. —Sent by CARMEN BLUMENKRON, Mexico City, Mexico.

Alibi

SLOW WAITER (in London restaurant): Your coffee, sir. It's special from South America, sir.

DINER (sarcastically): Oh, so that's where you've been? —Sent by KATHERINE BANFILL, Lester, Washington.

International Hunger

TEACHER: Jack, please use Austria, Hungary, Turkey and Greece in one sentence.

JACK: Austria got Hungary and ate a Turkey fried with Greece. —Sent by ROSALIND CHUN, Honolulu, Hawaii.

What's wrong with your room?

Has your room got the winter-blues? Do the windows look gloomy? Are the curtains dingy? Is the woodwork dull? Make everything bright and gay again—it's easy with Fels-Naptha! For Fels-Naptha brings extra help—good golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together. A grand team that loosens dirt in jig-time. Tell mother about Fels-Naptha's extra help. It will make her washes easier, too!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

GIRLS! EARN PIN MONEY

IT'S SO EASY!

It's a lovely feeling to have some extra dollars to help you buy the pretty things you long for. This beautiful combination pen and pencil will get you started in business and you will have lots of fun offering them to friends and neighbors. They are real big sales—worth several times their selling price and mighty handy too. Think of how fine fountain pen at one end and a mechanical pencil with extra leads and eraser at the other. Instead of carrying two—one will do, guaranteed for life!

A big model for men and boys and a dainty size in exquisite mottled colors for ladies and girls. Price only \$1.00. If you send in orders for four by LAST PEN-PENCIL, you need not pay only \$1.00. Save the one dollar commission (25¢) for yourself. Remember, if you sell only a dozen a day—which is as easy as pie—you can earn three dollars per day or eighteen dollars a week. That's as much as many a grown person earns.

You can get started best by showing your own sample pen. You can get one by sending us a dollar. Even you should decide not to go into business. This LAST PEN-PENCIL will come in mighty handy for school work and city business.

So, write your name and address plainly on a slip of paper and enclose with \$1.00. Mail it—while you think of it—TO-DAY!

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

CONTENTS for MARCH, 1933

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



MARIA SERMOLINO. She has had a varied and interesting career. Born in New York City, of Italian parents, she went to Barnard College, got a degree from the Columbia School of Journalism and since then has spent her time writing, and

traveling in ships and planes to and over Europe. (She loathes traveling by train.)

"My writing," she says, "has been mostly feature articles for newspaper syndicates and magazines. I've written on all sorts of subjects—even about Mussolini, with whom I had an interview—the first he granted to any newspaperwoman. Recently I spent several months at Frascati, one of the picturesque hill towns of the Roman Campagna, and I assure you that Marianna is not entirely a fictitious character."

The picture on this page is from a snapshot of Miss Sermolino, taken in Sardinia, in the native costume of the island.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. We are very fortunate to be able to print *The Drumming Girl*, the first short story that Miss Warner has ever written especially for girls. Some of you may know her charming *Lolly Willows* which was published



a few years ago. She has written several books, the most recent being a collection of short stories called *The Salutation*.

Miss Warner lives by herself in Bayswater, England, guarded by a mysterious smoke black chow. Her hobbies are Tudor church music and archaeology. She loves to explore England, touring the country afoot. She has a Jane Austen kind of humor, and a freshness of phrase that lights up even a rather familiar kind of scene with new spangles.

MARGARET AYER and PHYLLIS AYER SOWERS. These sisters are the illustrator and author of *The Blessing in Disguise*. They began to travel when they were very small and went first to the Philippines where their father was a doctor in the American Army. Since then they have lived in various parts of the Orient, Mexico and in so many

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places in the United States that they have almost lost count of the number of times they have crossed the continent.

"My sister has always been interested in writing, and I in drawing," writes Miss Ayer, whose picture is shown above. "I studied illustration in Philadelphia, then in Paris and Rome, before I finally came back to my birthplace, New York. Mrs. Sowers is now in California, with her little boy. We both like to live again some of the time we have spent abroad, by writing stories and making pictures of foreign places."

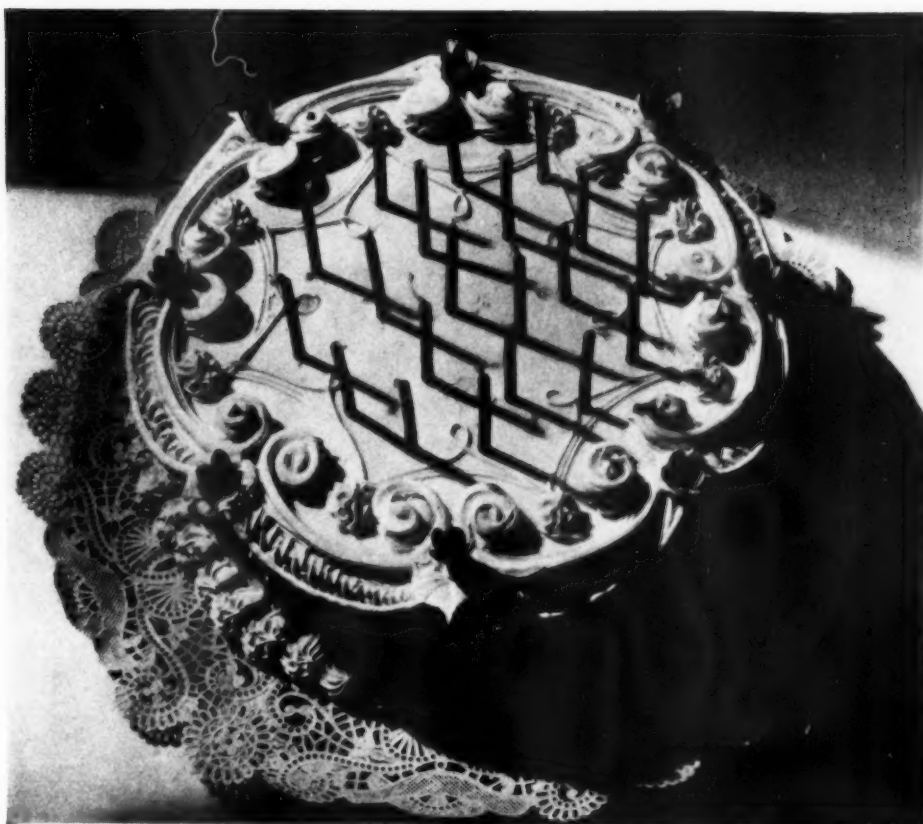


HARRIE WOOD. When we received *The Drumming Girl*, we immediately thought of Mr. Wood as the illustrator. There is a delicacy, a charm about his drawing that fits perfectly with Miss Warner's writing. Mr. Wood has done drawings for magazines and books and has exhibited paintings in shows in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and at the Brooklyn Museum.

His chief interests outside of drawing, he says, are: "a very old 'salt-box' house in Connecticut and its restoration and a fairly large garden of both flowers and vegetables."



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